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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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## Au Courant.

THAT fellow-feeling which makes us wondrous kind makes us interested in a discussion which has arisen in New York, in regard to piano-playing and its legal status as a nuisance. During the illness of a certain Judge Martine, he was much annoyed by the musical efforts of his next door neighbour. She was a lady; worse than that, she was a devotee of the Wagnerian school, which is only good for people in very robust health. Further, she was a firm believer in the principle that practice makes perfect, and she practised with unremitting perseverance. And the judge lay there until he knew the lady's repertory by heart, and yearned so earnestly for death that he was quite shocked when the doctor told him he would recover, but that his convalescence would be slow. By-and-by he was strong enough to go back to his office, and his first thought was to look up the law governing the privileges of piano-pounders. When he discovered that there was no specific statute covering the case he nearly had a relapse, and was probably saved from this misfortune only by the reflection that a relapse meant another uninterrupted dose of music.

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Now we have quite recently had several cases of this kind at home, and in every instance the sufferer from the nuisance has failed to get redress from the courts. It is a serious matter, and ought to set people thinking whether something cannot really be done to stop the persistent musical neighbour. It will be a liberal estimate to say that the proportion of piano-thumpers to the number of sufferers is as one to every hundred. Recognising, then, that constant piano-playing is a nuisance practically, whatever it may be legally, why should the one woman have it in her power to torment and grievously afflict at all and any hours of the day or night the vast majority of unfortunates who live within sound reach? Far less serious offences are prohibited, and this ought to be prohibited, too. Life, and liberty, and the pursuit of pleasure are all very well, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and no man or woman has the right to pursue pleasure in a way to interfere with the comfort of anybody else. Plainly, we must have certain regulations which will ensure needed periods of repose. If, as in recent cases, offenders cannot be reached by an appeal to mercy, we must make a law that will reach them. We need the cultivation of a musical taste, but not the destruction of a musical ear.

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THE "new" pianist promises to become almost as great a nuisance as the "new" woman. Not that we need have any objection to him as an individual, but there are getting to be too many of him. The latest addition to

his number is Dr. Otto Neitzel, who has been giving a series of recitals at Steinway Hall. Some particulars of the Doctor are given in a Silesian journal. Although known for twenty years as an excellent player, Neitzel has only within the last five years taken a place among pianists of the first rank. In his boyhood he was hailed as a prodigy, like little Hoffman and Hegner. For ten years he studied under Theodore Kullak (the *Musical Standard* "comp" says Hullah!), and then he came under the care of Liszt. He made concert tours in France, Germany, and Russia with signal success, and then he settled down in Cologne, where he writes musical criticisms for the *Kölnische Zeitung*. Dr. Neitzel is now in his forty-fourth year.

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EVERYBODY, except perhaps the academic monopolists in London, will be glad to hear of the growing success of the Leeds College of Music. Messrs. Haddock, the esteemed heads of the institution, have indeed found it necessary to make additions to the College building, and have purchased an adjoining property, which will give many extra class and practising rooms. Nor is this all. Messrs. Haddock, responding to a strongly expressed desire, have arranged to open a branch of the College in Bradford. The whole of the Leeds staff will attend there, and the class fees will be fixed so as to bring the tuition within the reach of all.

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THE question of originality in composition has again come up, this time in connection with *Hänsel und Gretel*. It appears that there was an earlier setting by the composer, with dialogue for home use; and in a letter Herr Humperdinck now says: "From this earlier setting a few folk-songs have been retained, which I introduced to give the piece local colour, as, for example, 'Ein Mannlein,' 'Suse, liebe Suse,' and the children's jubilant chorus. Those had, of course, to undergo some slight changes for the sake of musical uniformity and embodiment in the opera." The composer adds that he intends shortly to publish "a lengthy statement" upon the whole question in a German paper. Herr Humperdinck, by the way, will not be able to visit England this season, as he does not leave Italy till July. The composer, we are told, is extremely fond of travelling, and he is erratic in his method of working; that is to say, he will make holiday for several weeks, and then apply himself with intense concentration to composition. Apparently he has been laying the foundation for another children's Wagner opera, for at a concert given recently at Darmstadt a nursery "Märchenspiel" by the composer's sister, with music by Humperdinck, was performed. The subject is the story of Schneewittchen (Little Snowdrop), and the music consists only of short soli and choruses for female voices, but exhibits the melodic charm and capacity for expression which have made *Hänsel und Gretel* the most popular

work of the day. The composer will now, doubtless, proceed to elaborate these simple tunes.

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MANY people will learn with regret that, owing to failing health and advancing age, Mr. W. C. Stockley has resigned the conductorship of the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, which he has held for forty years. When Mr. Stockley first took up the bâton at Birmingham, the Festival Society numbered only seventy-six members, and there was no band, organ accompaniments being the usual thing. When he did get a band, it was decided that their pay should come from the profits, and the profits at that time were practically nil! But Mr. Stockley went on bravely; and now that he is retiring, one may truly say that no one has done more to educate the Birmingham public to an appreciation of the best things in musical composition. This is the more worthy of note as Mr. Stockley is largely self-taught. He received twelve months' lessons in piano and violin from a professor in his Kentish home, and beyond that he has learned chiefly from observation and quiet study by himself. The best thing he could now do in his leisure would be to write his reminiscences of the Birmingham Festival.

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A FRENCH writer says that, as a rule, musicians choose their instrument hurriedly, without stopping to consider if their temperament and personal appearance are in accord with the choice. He then goes on to say that he often met in the streets of Paris an old man who played the bassoon. He was long and thin, like his instrument. "The old man had the countenance that is indispensable to a bassoonist; a dull eye, hollow cheeks—which are the dimples of poverty—peaked features; a yellow skin drawn tightly over the bone; a face that suited admirably the voice of the bassoon, which is an instrument full of sobs and tears." Is there anything in the theory? Perhaps. You do not, for example, instinctively think of a kettledrum man as fat; there is a peculiar expression seen only on the faces of flute-players. And then, would you ever mistake an oboist for a trombonist?

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A FINE prospect has opened up for the pianist out of work. A man has invented a piano sewing machine. An ingenious mechanism is fitted under the keyboard, and while you play a sonata or a minuet, you sew *lingerie*, or whatever you please. The inventor who had this novel idea has calculated that the execution of one of Wagner's operas is equal to sewing a complete wedding trousseau. "God save the Queen" will sew a baby's bonnet; the waltz in *Faust* will run up a baby's bonnet; and the intermezzo in *Cavalleria* will make a child's shirt. This is all very well; but for business purposes, at any rate, the sewing-machine pianist should be allowed to play nothing but *allegros*.

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It is a good idea to ask a parent to write his child's biography; the parent is sure to be so impartial. A contemporary has adopted the plan in connection with Mr. Arthur Wilson, the winner of that blue ribbon of the English musical student the Mendelssohn Scholarship, and the result is, of course, a paean of praise. There is no doubt, says the proud father, that Arthur Wilson is descended from the "Jacke Wilson" mentioned in Shakespeare as having sung, "Sigh no more, ladies," in the first performance of *Much Ado about Nothing*. This Wilson, we are further told, became later on a Doctor of Music and Professor of Music at Oxford; was the first lute player in England, and a great favourite of Charles I. "I have a portrait of him," says Wilson *père*, "and the likeness to the Mendelssohn scholar of to-day is quite remarkable." Very probably. But has it ever been clearly proved that Shakespeare's "Jack Wilson" and the Oxford professor were identical? Mr. Abdy-Williams, speaking of the latter in his "Degrees in Music," says "he was at one time supposed to be the Jack Wilson of Shakespeare." It does not matter very much anyway.

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THE newly-revised regulations for musical degrees at Dublin have now been issued by Professor Prout. There is nothing very novel about the scheme, but candidates will, no doubt, keep in mind the declaration of the Professor that he will not "pluck" a man for a few grammatical slips in his exercise if he shows decided evidence of musical talent. The several examinations are to be held concurrently twice a year: in June and December. The fees now stand as follows: for matriculation, £15; for Bac. Mus., £10; for Doc. Mus., £20.

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WE are hearing just a little too much about national music in these days; but if Ireland thinks that she possesses no more precious heritage than her old folk-melodies there is no reason why she should not take means to preserve them from oblivion. We have already heard something of the great national festival which is to be held for this purpose in Dublin at an early date, and a circular has now been issued in which the main objects of the enterprise are stated. These objects are:—

- (1) To give the public an opportunity of hearing Irish music rendered in the best possible manner, every effort being made to interpret the old tunes or melodies in strict accordance with the traditional manner of performance;
- (2) to encourage the publication of Irish airs, now preserved in manuscript collections, and to secure the notation of such musical fragments as may still be heard in various parts of the country, but which have hitherto baffled the efforts made to record them by collectors;
- (3) in accordance with the expressed wish of the members of the Gaelic League, to render many of the items in the Irish language;
- (4) to offer such inducements as would give a stimulus to the rise of a new Irish school of composers, who by their works may prove that it is possible for Irish musicians to be as truly national in their art as Dvorák or Grieg have been.

It is a praiseworthy effort. Only, let our Irish friends be modest, and not keep insisting that "the old melodies which have come down to us are acknowledged to excel in potency and beauty" the national music of any other country whatever.

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THE *Musical Courier* tells us that Nordica has been in Chicago mourning the loss of her French poodle "Turk." The Turk, it appears,

eloped with a perfect stranger of the canine species, and Nordica has had all the police force of the town scouring for her darling. Some years ago Patti lost her Mexican hairless pup, "Ricci," and at its obsequies some one suggested to the diva the erection of a little tombstone bearing the touching inscription: "Requiescup in pace." But she got angry, and the dog was cremated. This is a tip for Nordica.

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THE catalogue of the principal compositions performed at the Crystal Palace during the last forty years has now been brought up to date. Excluding songs, part-songs, and minor pieces, it comprises no fewer than 1,550 works by 300 composers. Of these musicians 82 are British, 104 German, 39 French, 26 Italian, and the rest Belgian, Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Hungarian, Polish, Russian, Spanish and Swedish. The choral symphony of Beethoven has been performed 26, and Schubert's symphony in C 23 times. In all, the list contains 194 oratorios, masses, cantatas, and other large choral compositions; 195 symphonies or symphonic works; 576 concertos, fantasies, etc.; and 585 overtures, entr'actes, and other detached orchestral pieces.

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A PERFORMANCE of *Tannhäuser*, probably unique in its way, is reported from Geneva. M. Engel, from the Grand Opéra of Paris, was announced to appear as Tannhäuser; but when the appointed evening arrived the manager came before the curtain and announced that M. Engel had had a return of his complaint and could not sing, but that, in order not to disappoint the audience, he would appear in the part and play it in dumb show. This he did, and the effect was so indescribably comic that the audience accepted it in place of the pleasure they had anticipated.

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MR. J. E. SPINNEY, honorary local examiner to the R.C.M. at Salisbury, sends me a couple of pieces which may be commended to the attention of organists and choirmasters. One is a well-worked-out festival anthem: "Behold, thou shalt call a nation"; the other a setting, in key G, of the Te Deum (Weekes). But why do so many composers make "all angels," cherubim and seraphim, "cry aloud" in a *pianissimo* "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth"? Is that the way that these heavenly hosts "cry aloud"?

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A BERLIN correspondent gives us some particulars of M. Leopold Auer, the violinist, who, as already announced, proposes to visit us during the coming season. Auer is Russia's greatest fiddler, and the leading musical light of St. Petersburg. In 1849, when but four years old, during the Hungarian revolution—he is a Hungarian by birth—he attracted the attention of musicians by the artistic way in which he beat the drum while soldiers were marching in and out of his native town. He showed musical ability in general earlier than his talent for the violin. His first instruction was received at Veszprém, his birthplace; later on he entered the Budapest Conservatoire, and then studied under Dont in Vienna. The finishing touches were given him by Joachim, who was at that time concertmeister in Hanover. Then he travelled for some years as a virtuoso. In 1868 the post of first professor of the violin at St. Petersburg Conservatoire, hitherto held by Wieniawski, was offered to him; he accepted it, and since then the Russian capital has been his home. With the cellist Davidoff, he founded a string quartet that became famous throughout Europe and remained the pride of musical Russia until Davidoff's death in 1890.

Auer's tone is described as "large and of a pure, healthy quality that is refreshing."

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MISS MARIE BREMA is the coming vocalist—so says an interviewer. Certainly the lady's rise in the operatic firmament has been as sudden as it is remarkable. Prior to the year 1890 she had never taken a lesson, let alone singing in public. One night at the house of a friend she went over a song in the hearing of Mr. Henschel, with the result that she went up to London and studied with him. In March, 1891, she made her *début* at St. James' Hall, and after that she had one or two festival engagements. Leaving Mr. Henschel, she continued her studies with Miss Bessie Cox, and finally with Mr. Alfred Blume, who still gives her lessons when she is in London. Miss Brema's recent success in German opera is well known. After her London season is over—June and July—she goes to Bayreuth to study with Frau Cosima Wagner and rehearse the Trilogy for 1896. While some vocalists look upon Wagner's music as detrimental to the voice, Miss Brema thinks that, when properly sung, it does the voice good.

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A CRITIC pretends to have discovered a curious difference between the male and the female composer. If, he says, you analyse the compositions of the ladies, you will be struck with the difference between the "external appearance" of their work and the same kind of composition by men. Take, for instance, song writing. You will, as a rule, find that the accompaniments cover more octaves than a man's accompaniments. The bass will go lower, and the upper part higher. Where the man will write a broken chord, the woman will put in an arpeggio extended over two or three or more octaves, and perhaps the left hand will play it in octaves with the right hand. In nine cases out of ten the man's work will contain much deeper and stronger sentiment than the woman's, but it will not have the same exterior brilliancy.

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MR. MANNS fared royally at the hands of those friends and admirers who thought it well to remind him in a tangible way that he had reached the Biblical limit of the threescore and ten. Nor could there be a more worthy recipient of any honours that musicians and the English musical public are capable of bestowing. Mr. Manns' splendid services at the Crystal Palace for nearly forty years make a record that is known and read of all men; while the noble position which he has throughout assumed towards British music and musicians, alone entitles him to the heartfelt gratitude of the nation. The reception at the Grafton Galleries was both brilliant and representative; and the formal address of congratulation read by Sir George Grove was couched in the happiest terms. The eminent conductor made a very graceful speech, not without a tinge of sadness, in reply. But he finished cheerily by reminding his hearers of the early source of trouble which he brought on himself at the Palace by that tremendous crop of black hair which he so lovingly cultivated at the time. "Week after week," said Mr. Manns, "did the postman bring me big letters with curl-papers of every description, enclosing always neatly-written advice how to use them, and tiny pink letters with enclosures of threepenny bits, with the request to go to the barber and have my hair cut." Mr. Manns has also been presented by his orchestra with a handsome solid silver punch-bowl, in florid *respoussé* work, mounted on a polished ebony plinth.





## Mr. Dolmetsch's Lectures

ON

"Music and Musical Instruments of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries."

ON Saturday, April 27, Mr. Dolmetsch lectured on the English musicians, by way of illustrations repeating practically the same programme that he recently gave at the Salle Erard. Mrs. Elodie Dolmetsch played the harpsichord crisply and with understanding; Miss Hélène Dolmetsch repeated her beautiful performances on the Viol da Gamba, and Mr. Douglas Powell sang, with expression beyond all praise, in songs by Ford and Lawes. The chief interest of the concert—or I suppose I should say lecture—lay in two little pieces, each for three voices, by his late much-married Majesty, "the Kyng Henry VIII." The only fault, if fault it could be called, was the small amount of letterpress, so to speak, compared with the large amount of illustration. This possibly could not be helped, but I, and I imagine the audience, would have preferred to hear a little more about the instruments, and a little less of the music that was played upon them. The same must be said of the lectures of May 4 and 11. The former dealt with the early French musicians, and was the most interesting of the series. Mrs. Elodie Dolmetsch's playing, in particular, of three pieces by Couperin was a delightful contrast to the harpsichord-playing of former concerts. Mr. Douglas Powell, too, was at his best. But the thing that gave the concert its piquant flavour was the beautiful Viol da Gamba playing of Miss Hélène Dolmetsch. The instrument possesses a hollow, somewhat nasal, melancholy tone, which is admirably in keeping with the character of the music performed upon it, and Miss Dolmetsch enters with wonderful sympathy into that character. Mr. Dolmetsch explained the action of the harpsichord, though, as has been said, not at sufficient length. The last lecture, devoted to the Italians, made an agreeable hour, and was practically a repetition of the Italian concert given at Erard's.

## Royal Italian Opera.

ON Monday evening, May 13, the opera season opened at Covent Garden with all due splendour. Sir Augustus Harris has avowed his intention of out-shining all his former brilliancies. Take the artists, to begin with. Patti, in my opinion, is not a brilliant artist; but certainly a brilliant audience may be expected whenever she sings, and I only hope that she may not scandalize it by singing "Home, Sweet Home" as an encore to (say) the Death-song from *Tristan*. Add to Patti Albani, Calvé, Melba, Macintyre, and Fanny Moody, and you have a more powerful set of sopranos than have ever yet appeared in one season. Amongst the contraltos are Guilia Ravogli, Agnes Janson, and Olitzka; amongst the tenors Jean de Reszke, Tamagno and Alvarez; amongst the baritones and basses Bispham, Edouard de Reszke and Plançon; so that these sections are scarcely inferior in strength to the soprano section. Mancinelli is not such a bad conductor, and Mottl, of course, is an enormously great one; so that here, too, all is well. The orchestra is a first-rate one, and Augustus Harris has done a deed that not only makes the tone more agreeable, but removes a

disagreeable eyesore. He has sunk the den where the orchestra plays some three or four feet into the floor, so that one no longer sees the bows going, and all the little harshnesses are filtered out of the tone before it reaches the audience. On May 13, then, as I have said, a brilliant start was made. Verdi's *Otello* is no great favourite of mine; but with Tamagno in the title-role and Albani as Desdemona, and the rest of the characters at least efficiently sung, the opera became impressive. Boito has provided an almost ideal libretto: all that is wanted is an ideal composer to set it. The composer of *Trovatore* is not ideal; and though, of course, the Verdi of to-day is not the Verdi of *Trovatore*, he is not so much stronger an artist as some people would have us believe. He has not the remotest idea how to develop the music in step with the action of the drama: he is pretty, sad, and vehement in turn, and the moods do not melt into one another: there is no continuity; everything is thrown to us in handfuls, and small handfuls. Some of the handfuls are, in their own rather thin way, really beautiful. Verdi could always get a certain poetical character and individuality into his melodies. Than wholesale condemnation of "Ach e la morte," and such tunes, there could be no greater mistake. They are not Beethovenish any more than *Pickwick* is Shakesperian; but we accept and love our Dickens, and may even love, if not wholly accept, our Verdi. The tunes of *Otello* are the tunes of *Trovatore*: wonderfully spiritualized, and far lovelier, it is true, but still built after the same model; and the tunes are the best part of *Otello*. Only when the "tumty-de-tum" is set going, and the voice flourishes around at the top, does the music become interesting. Elsewhere it is mere conventional recitative, and not good recitative, and the sole justification is that it gives the singers, if they happen, like Tamagno in this part, to be great actors, a chance to act greatly. Tamagno was indeed irresistible; Pessina as Iago seemed to be smiling and happy to be the match that diabolically sets fire to that music; and the gentleman who rejoices in the name of Pelagalli-Rosetti, and played Cassio, was the merest gilded youth. As a rule I cannot stand Albani's acting,—it spoils the effect of her divinest singing—but as Desdemona she is miraculously fine. The chorus behaved rather idiotically, but happily have little to do in the more moving parts. Mancinelli made too much noise on the conductor's desk, but was otherwise efficient enough, and the scenery and mounting generally were conceived in a style of all possible magnificence. So the first evening went off admirably.

Boito is known to the world as Verdi's librettist, and the composer of one opera. A man of infinite attainments, conversant with the whole of European literature, of a wonderfully poetic temperament and power of expressing himself in poetical form, it is curious that he has not drifted into literature rather than music. But, having a strong love for music and its master-works, having also acquired a thorough mastery of its technique, he would seem exactly the man to make an admirable—librettist! And an admirable librettist he is. It is he who has forced Verdi in these latter days to write *Otello* and *Falstaff*, works which, if they cannot be promised immortality, will at least outlast *Trovatore* and the early operas; and it is he who has provided the books—splendid examples of all that a book should be—for those works. Hence it is as a librettist one always thinks of Boito; and, curiously enough, one thinks mostly of the librettist in connection with *Mefistofele*. The story is indeed admirably laid out. All my

readers, of course, know Gounod's *Faust*, and I can best describe Boito's work by reference to that. To begin with, there is a prologue in which a chorus of angels challenges Mefistofele to do his worst with Faust, and in the first act he tries to do it. There is a scene of merry-making, and amongst the merry-makers a ghostly figure—the Grey Friar—wanders about, rather alarming those who come into contact with him. Then the merry-makers disperse, the mists of evening rise, and the Grey Friar is seen by Faust and Wagner, moving amongst the mists, "spectrally," as the directions have it. Faust is alarmed. Not so Wagner. He is too stupid to know evil when he sees it; the Friar is a friar to him and nothing more. The next scene corresponds to Gounod's first; only, whereas Gounod's *Mefistofele* is spelt *ph*, and tempts *Faust*, Boito spells his with an *f*, and arranges nothing in the way of temptation—unless you can count the trick of whistling with his fingers, which does not seem to me a recommendation for a possible travelling companion. Apparently it fetches Faust, for he allows Mefistofele to wrap him up in a red shawl and walk off with him. The Garden and Prison scenes are much the same as with Gounod; but there is yet a fourth act—"The Night of the Classical Sabbath," and an epilogue—"The Death of Faust." The Night of the Classical Sabbath corresponds to the Witches' Sabbath in the second act. After hearing the work only once—for it is seldom played in London—I really cannot say whether the Classical Sabbath is an interruption or a help to the drama; though it struck me that it was far from being a help. Still, that opinion might be modified, if ever I heard the work again, which is unlikely, for there is nothing in it to attract one. With the exception of the Classical Sabbath the libretto is good; but the music is good scarcely anywhere. In the Garden scene it becomes fearfully realistic, and in the Prison scene it is fine; but elsewhere it is clumsy, lacking in expressiveness and elasticity of movement, entirely wanting in spontaneity. One hardly knows what to make of such movement; it is always on the brink of becoming splendid, and so seldom becomes splendid. Boito evidently knows the kind of music that should fill each scene, but when he tries to write it, creative power, sheer invention, fails him. The Broken scene is more successful, for pure melody is less needed, and more can be done by orchestral colouring. But if anything could redeem the opera it would be that Prison scene. The aching sense of desolation is wonderfully expressed in the bits of melody given to the oboe; then when Faust enters and speaks to Margherita of flying to the South Sea, and they sing the exquisite "Lontano, lontano, lontano"—ah! there is a master-stroke whose effect cannot be described, and scarcely hinted at. It is the most poignant utterance in music of the longing after perfect peace, unbroken rest in the sunlight, that I know. Miss Macintyre as Margherita, De Lucia as Faust, were complete artists here. Miss Macintyre was artistic always, both in her singing and her acting, but De Lucia never acted well except here. Plançon's Mefistofele was too ponderous, too wanting in acidity, sarcasm, and, generally speaking, all that is devilish. In the Broken scene he came nearest to doing the part as it should be done. In that scene, too, the scenery, fireworks, and flying bats and other terrors were superb.

At the time of going to press there can be little more said about the opera. The performance of *Lohengrin*—or rather of a selection from *Lohengrin*—given on May 17, was only made noteworthy by the appearance of a new *Lohengrin*, Bertran, who impressed me most favourably.

## An Interview with Mrs. Fischer-Sobell.



**R**EALIZING, after I had heard Mrs. Fischer-Sobell several times, that she was a pianist of the first rank, I took the usual steps to effect an interview with her. But before the interview came off, I ascertained that Mrs. Fischer-Sobell was born in Amsterdam, and had been an infant prodigy in her time. She began to study music in her sixth year, and even then showed signs of that love for Beethoven and that preference for his music over all other music that now distinguishes her. As a child she had ample opportunity of developing this love of Beethoven, as she took her parents nearly every Sunday to the "Park Concert" (in Amsterdam, of course), where a really great conductor, Stumpff, was in power. He was succeeded by Vics. She confesses that she had plenty of "cheek" when music was the matter under discussion, and would readily tell older people what they frequently need to be told, that they were singing out of tune, or playing wrong notes. Hoping she would have no reason to tell me I was taking any wrong notes, on a certain Sunday of the merry month of May I betook myself to Richmond, found the dwelling wherein Mrs. Fischer-Sobell abides with her husband, and took the first opportunity to make a break into the matter about which I had called. I began in the usual fashion, for although I would have preferred to be original, originality usually has the startling effect of nearly frightening the interviewee out of his or her wits, and so spoiling the interview. So (as I say) I began in the usual fashion by asking Mrs. Fischer-

Sobell where she took her first lessons in music.

"My father," she replied, "taught me the elements; and after infusing a great love for music into me, and making me ambitious, he rather inconsistently refused to listen to my earnest prayer to be allowed to study at some conservatoire. Then he let me have lessons, but from a master who neglected my technique altogether. After some experience with him I went to Carl Wirtz at the Hague, and to him I am indebted for the 'real thing.' Thinking, perhaps, that it was impossible to make me begin at the beginning, he made me look after myself in regard to expression and the meaning of the great works. I studied Beethoven and Bach with him principally."

"Then," I asked, "when did you begin to play in public?"

"After studying with Carl Wirtz for some time, I began to play for musical societies, and also gave concerts 'on my own account,' but all for charity; for, as you know, our family were supposed to belong to the so-called upper classes, and my father thought it lowering to our dignity for me to earn my own living on the concert-platform. It used to be carefully stated on the programmes that I played *unter gütiger*, as they say in Germany, which, being interpreted, means for nothing. At that time a number of well-known critics declared that if I would exchange the life of 'a lady of the great world' for that of the artist, I would make a name, and that encouraged me, and I had need enough of encouragement."

"Then when was it you effected the exchange?"

"Not till some time after. I had a period of mental suffering, and this drove me more and more to music. It became so necessary to me, that at last I made up my mind to go to Clara Schumann to get my touch improved, and become, if possible, a first-rate pianist. My touch was at times hard, though I could not tell why. When I got to Frankfort, I found that the fault was in my fingers, not my character! My fingers were not sufficiently prepared for the work I was giving them to do. For a whole year I had to study with Clara Schumann's daughter, Eugenie, doing nothing but finger exercises, quite, quite slowly. I was not allowed to touch a single piece, lest I should revive the old habits again. After that year, which I shall not readily forget, I went up to Clara Schumann, and with her I studied a great deal of Beethoven, and some Schumann. In Frankfort I met my husband, the Australian singer. Soon after our marriage, in 1893, we gave a concert in Berlin, where we did not know a soul. But apparently we made a favourable impression, for we were invited to give other concerts, and they were all what we call successful."

"But you have played a good deal in other cities since then?"

"Oh, certainly! Before this time, as I said, at Amsterdam, then at the Philharmonic in Berlin, then at Frankfort, and various seaside places in Belgium, at Antwerp (where at last year's exhibition I played at two big orchestral concerts, and gave two recitals), at Paris, and, in fact, a large number of other places."

"If it's a fair question, to whom do you consider that you owe most—I mean to which of your teachers?"

"To Clara Schumann. Before I went to her my touch had always been my great defect; now it is always praised both by the press and the public. Of course I got my 'finishing lessons' from her. I owe a good deal, too, to Carl Wirtz."

"One last question: would you mind saying which music you like best to play?"

"Beethoven," answered Mrs. Fischer-Sobell, very emphatically; "I wish above all things to be a Beethoven player. At the same time, there is such a halo round him that one feels as if one dare hardly give one's opinion of him, which means, interpret him in one's own unworthy way. I am very fond of Chopin, too, but no one can be compared with Beethoven. I am shy of him, too, partly because the critics have such a way of saying beforehand, 'She can't play Beethoven,' and of saying afterwards, 'She also ventured on Beethoven, but would have been better advised had she kept to Moszkowsky and Chopin; they are more in her line!' That sort of talk makes one feel impotent."

"Another last question," I said, "if you'll permit it: what nation do you most prefer to play to, and when are you going to play in London?"

"That's two questions. But I like to play to any nation that will listen with some interest. The Germans seem to sympathise with my intentions, and therefore I like to play to them; and I like to play to the Dutch, too, possibly because I belong to them. I intend to give one or more concerts here in November."

That ended the interview, but I may add, for the benefit of my readers, that Mrs. Fischer-Sobell is in every sense of the word an accomplished woman. She studied and speaks English, French, and German; and I can vouch for the first, if not the two latter languages, that her accent is wonderfully accurate



and pure. Before going in wholly for music, she took various degrees in her native land. This she had some difficulty in doing, because of the opposition of her father. Her mother, however, indulged what she was pleased to call her daughter's "fads," and so the degrees were taken. She confesses to the perpetration of poetry and novels in her girl days, and says the men in them "were all good." Whether, if she wrote novels now, the men would be all good, I do not take upon myself to say. Mrs. Fischer-Sobell is also an excellent teacher, and she declares that she learnt that art from Madame Schumann, whose method she considers wonderful. The method is not so complicated as some methods are; it consists chiefly in preparing the fingers thoroughly for the work they will have to do, and not beginning to study masterpieces until the fingers are so prepared.

## Musical Life in London.

### MR. MANNS' BENEFIT CONCERT.

THOUGH, as I stated, the Crystal Palace Concerts came to an end on April 20, Mr. Manns' benefit was practically a continuation of them. It came off on April 27, and opened with a beautiful tender rendering of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony. Of course Mr. Manns hardly put into the slow movement so much as Richter does, but he gave an admirable performance for all that, the piquancy of the minuet being especially delightful, and the gaiety of the finale as uproarious as any one could wish. Mr. Manns' only other solo, the *Tannhäuser* Overture, was at the end of the programme, and before that point had been reached I was on my way home, for reasons to be presently detailed. Mr. Santley sang a song of his own making, "Song of the Ocean Isle," of which every successive phrase falls on you like a bucket of ice-cold water. The worst of it is, one sees each bucketful descending. Each phrase is as familiar as any melody played on the street piano can possibly be. Clearly, composition is not Mr. Santley's strong point. Mr. Edward Lloyd's voice is of a beautiful flutey quality, and his style is characterised by an unusual blending of sweetness and strength. On this occasion there was more sweetness than strength. He begged the guards to lend him their aid in an apologetic kind of voice, as though he were afraid he was asking too great a favour; and he really tootled for Margarita to come, as though his purposes were a little quaint. I daresay they were honourable enough, but, to be frank, the song didn't sound like it; and in these days of Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Mr. Lloyd should be careful not to sing that way. Nothing need be said about Miss Edith Byford, who played Max Bruch's Violin Concerto. She is a pupil of Mr. Sauret, and plays almost as inartistically as that talented professor. Then came the cause of my too hasty departure from the Palace. A Mr. R. H. Walthew, a student at the Royal College of Music, thought fit some time ago to set *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, and at this concert Mr. Manns, aided by the Palace chorus, and Messrs. Santley and Branscomb, performed it. For some time all went well. Of course the music is wholly without character. The ballad opens with a Scotch melody, rather in the style of Sir A. C. Mackenzie, and this, I believe, is intended to

be representative of the piping of the piper. Mr. Walthew evidently thought that the piper wore a kilt, and, so to speak, he put the kilt into the music with a vengeance. Then sundry other irrelevant themes occur, and they are all treated with that infallible sense of the innately vulgar, which is the true Royal College stamp in its quiddity. The music, besides being vulgar is unvocal and monotonous, and I was just going off to sleep when the whole chorus bellowed "Rats." I was horribly startled, not at the sudden row, but to think that this was intended and regarded as a good joke; so I hurriedly picked up my hat, and did the race from the concert-room to the railway platform which every critic knows so well. Bar this accident, the concert was a very successful one.

### WESTMINSTER ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

The Westminster Orchestral Society would attract ten times the amount of attention it does if it would come out from behind the church. By the church I do not mean the Church of England, but the church in Victoria Street, S.W., which hides the Westminster Town Hall from the popular view, and makes it difficult, if not impossible, for a musical critic to find his way there at any time. On second thoughts, I don't know whether it is a church; it may be a brewery, and anyhow, there is not much difference. The main thing is that the building, whatever it may be, prevents most of the critics getting there till late, and prevents some from getting there at all, and the Westminster Orchestral Society does not get the notice it should. When I arrived there on Wednesday, April 24, the band, under the vigorous direction of Mr. Stewart Macpherson, was making a dead set at Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. The poor thing squeaked and squealed, but it was no use; Mr. Macpherson and his men (and women) would not let it go until they had shaken the life out of it with the concluding chords. It was good fun, and I enjoyed it immensely; but as soon as the lady called in one part of the programme Madame Annie Albu and in another part Miss Annie Albu began to sing the waltz from *Romeo and Juliet* I saw the fun was over, and went round to the artists' room to have a chat with Mr. Rose, the secretary of the Society, and Mr. Macpherson, the conductor. It is much easier to criticise any society fairly and without bias when you have done that. Mr. Rose told me that the previous part of the concert had been admirable, and if I wanted to be nasty, I should without hesitation declare that therein it differed from the second part. Of course it would not be true, but the public has long learnt the unfairness of asking truth from a musical critic. However, to be truthful for once (and I hope this singularity will not be attributed to my wishing to be not as other critics), the second part of the concert was really very good—that is, the fragments of it that I heard. A little more solidity would not have ruined the finale of the Mendelssohn Symphony, and I can't help wondering what became of the flute scales at the end of the overture of "Le Nozze di Figaro." Perhaps they were not played, perhaps they were played badly, and, to prevent us ascertaining that fact, Mr. Macpherson caught them and put them in his pocket. Anyhow, they could not be heard, and the public was done out of part of its money. That is not to be tolerated in these days, and I suggest that those two scale passages should be played *solus* just before commencing the next concert.

### THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

After the cheerful proceedings that distinguished the last Philharmonic concert, that of

May 1 fell a trifle flat. There was no Madame Patti, no gold medal, and even Messrs. Cummings and Berger were less conspicuous than usual. For, of course, Mr. David Bispham and Miss Frida Scotta could not expect to be decorated with gold medals. They have no castles in Wales, where art-loving Philharmonic directors can be asked to meet royal and other persons worth knowing; they are merely genuine artists, a species to which the Philharmonic has always entertained a laudable antipathy. They made the concert of May 1 worth listening to. The affair started with Sullivan's comical prelude to the second part of the *Light of the World*, which reminded one irresistibly of the Savoy, and so put every one, including myself, into a jolly humour. Then Miss Scotta played Max Bruch's Concerto, with its pretty bits and great patches of dulness, very charmingly indeed; even giving one "moments" at times, notably in the Adagio. Mr. Bispham had chosen for his solo Lysiat's *Scena from Euryanthe*, a thing that did not suit him at all. In the more delicate portions he sang delightfully, but the climax at the finish by no means came off as it ought. After Mr. Bispham followed a performance of the Walkürenritt, which may almost be called epoch-making. Sir Alexander Mackenzie took the thing at a rather slow pace—just as Richter used to begin it in the old days; but whereas Richter used to drive it along towards the end, Sir Alexander let it drag most painfully. The middle parts came off most magnificently, I must admit, and then the excitement wore off, and when it was all over, I felt as though I had been listening to a suburban organist giving out the tune of a hymn, and ought now to stand up and sing "Rock of Ages." The second portion of the programme included only the Fantastic Symphony of Berlioz. For this the Philharmonic directors had actually been generous enough to allow three rehearsals, a deed which was the talk of the town for some days, and seems almost to bode some strange irruption in the state. The band showed by their playing that they knew the work—partially; and I conclude that if the directors had allowed, say thirty instead of three rehearsals, a really admirable performance would have resulted. Of course, the conductor was a serious drag on the enthusiasm of the players in such music as that of Berlioz; but many of the effects—for instance, the thunder in the scene in the fields, the bells in the March to the Scaffold, and so forth—came off capitally. If Sir Alexander's conception was lacking in devilment and sulphur, at least it was clear and forcible; but Berlioz will never take the fancy of the British public so long as he is played that way.

The concert of May 16 was notable chiefly because Stavenhagen and Burmester both played there. The idea of having them both on the same night was peculiarly characteristic of the Philharmonic; for it would be hardly possible to have a greater contrast than each presents to the other. Stavenhagen, mightily serious, devoid of all show, determined to be very much the type of artist; Burmester, far more virtuoso than artist, careless of everything except to please the public, and with rather a fondness for show—these were the two men that the Philharmonic and lovers of hodgepodge thought a "good combination," in the language of the music hall. Burmester did not play very well; in fact, he seems a little nervous just now wherever he plays, but Stavenhagen was at his best. He played an extraordinary concert of his own making. The slow movement is good; in fact, it is all good in its way, but the slow movement speaks more with the accent of the masters. The finale is suf-

ficiently brilliant, and the first movement drags a little, owing to the sameness of colour. For the rest, the programme included a new overture by a Dr. Bennett, which is almost as hopeless a matter as one of his namesake's librettos, and the pastoral symphony, which was really nobly played.

#### MR. BURMESTER'S CONCERT.

Mr. Willy Burmester has acquired a tremendous reputation in Germany, and that is precisely what makes one suspicious of a musician nowadays. However, when Mr. Burmester played at one of the symphony concerts a little time since, he showed himself unpretentious, and a master of his instrument—a unique master. He fairly made one's hair stand on end in a piece of Paganini's, and yet his tone was good, and he showed that he was an artist. Still, one suspended judgment, for it is no use being in a hurry to decide whether a man is a Paganini or not. If he is, he will show it before long. Mr. Burmester may show it. He gave an orchestral concert on May 6, in St. James's Hall. I was unable to hear the first part, but I got there when he was amazing every one with his positively astounding feats in a Rondo of Saint-Saëns. He plays sixths, thirds, and octaves easier than most people play single notes, and his harmonics are marvels of accuracy and pure tone. In an Air of old Bach, he made his fiddle sing divinely, and convinced me that if he would only choose the higher path of art, and forsake the lower one of mere sensationalism, he might quickly become a greater Joachim. His technical feats, in a piece by Paganini, made more difficult by himself, pass description; the fiddle seemed possessed of devils: it shrieked and screamed in scales and arpeggios like a live thing. Of the Paganini personality, as we know it from contemporary accounts, Mr. Burmester shows no sign. He seems a perfectly healthy and sane young man, without any romantic love story to make him interesting; there is nothing weird in his appearance, nor, for that matter, in his playing, though his mastery over his instrument is none the less astonishing, nor is he necessarily less an artist on that account. Of his first recital on Wednesday, May 15, no long account is desirable. He was not at his best. Whether indisposition, or that nervousness which I have referred to above, was responsible, I cannot say; but certainly he did not play very well. He gave us Mendelssohn's concerto in a clever mechanical sort of way; and in his slow pieces he got fearfully out of time, and made his violin scratch and kick where it should have sung.

#### THE LEVI CONCERT.

Since I have described this concert elsewhere—at least, Levi's share in it—I will merely say here that it was a prodigious success; that Miss Ternina, a soprano from the Munich Opera-house, may be a very good stage singer, but certainly proved that she was little good off the stage; and that the audience was in a wonderfully indulgent mood, and applauded good and bad alike. But that mood will not last, and I warn Mr. Schulz-Curtius that if he insists on inflicting these tenth-rate German singers upon us, the financial side of his concerts will suffer. Except when an English audience is in the absurdly indulgent mood it was on this occasion, it knows good singing from bad, and will not tolerate the Miss Terninas.

#### MR. BISPHAM'S CONCERT.

Brahms, it appeared, was born on May 7, 1833. Lest it should be thought that this statement is irrelevant, and shows a disposition on my part to pose as a rival of Mr. Betts as an authority

on musical dictionary, I hasten to say that I got the date not out of any dictionary, but from Mr. Bispham's programme, and that it is very relevant indeed. The year does not matter much; but it was because that Brahms chose to be born on May 7 that Mr. Bispham gave his concert on that day of the present year, and made his programme wholly a Brahms one. Now, I am hardly the person to judge Brahms' music, so intensely do I dislike it for the most part. Happily that part does not include the songs, and songs formed the staple of Mr. Bispham's entertainment. To get done at once with the part I don't like, the horn trio was agreeably given by Miss Fanny Davies and Messrs. Arbos and Paersch, and that Miss Davies played a couple of my pet aversions and a Capriccio which I don't hate as badly as the others. Out of a programme of twenty pieces Mr. Bispham sang no less than eight, besides taking part in the quartettes which concluded the concert. He was at his best in the song "Verrath," and in "Ruhe, Süßliebchen." For the rest, the hall was crowded to overflowing, and every one, from Mr. Bispham to the portrait of Brahms on the back of the programme, seemed in capital humour. There were happily no encores, not even for Mrs. Henschel's singing, which showed that Mr. Bispham's audience possesses better taste than the average crowd that attends the average afternoon concert.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Mathilde Verne was good enough to give the first of three recitals in the small edition of Queen's Hall on April 24, in the afternoon. A solemn opening was made in the shape of a performance of Bach's Sonata for violin and piano by Miss Emily Skinner and the concert-giver. It was a trifle rough throughout, and never showed the slightest tendency to become sympathetic; and the two ladies ran slap at the finish, and left off so abruptly as to temporarily impair one's digestion. Indeed, the shock was the same as you experience when you see a cab run into a lamp-post. In three harpsichord pieces of Scarlatti, Miss Verne showed herself the possessor of a certain command over the noisy piano effects; and when she accompanied Miss Louise Phillips and two songs of Bach's, she showed also that she was capable of keeping extraordinarily strict time. To these two songs, "Laudamus te" and "My Heart ever Faithful," Miss Emily Skinner played violin obligatos, and between her two accompanists Miss Phillips hadn't a ghost of a chance. She was dragged painfully along and given scarcely time to breathe, and finally taken, as it were, and thrown with cruel force against the double bar at the end. By this time I had taken Miss Verne's measure fairly well, and as she came on to play Bach's Italian Concerto I ran for my life. If, instead of going home, I had gone round to the artist's room, she might have had to run for hers.

Miss Hélène Soriani and Mr. Frank Howgrave gave a vocal and pianoforte recital on April 29. Mr. Howgrave plays the piano with considerable taste and insight, and gave a really remarkable rendering of the Appassionata Sonata. Miss Soriani has a pleasant voice, and put an ample measure of the old-world feeling into Pergolese's "Ire Giorini Son." On the afternoon of May 1 I endured a fraction of the astonishing concert given by the string band of the Royal Engineers in Queen's Hall. When the Royal Engineers talk about a string band, they don't mean a string band: they only mean an ordinary band, and not a brass band. They played in uniform, of course, and they didn't look real: they looked like metal soldiers taken from the box and wound up to play for so many minutes. The

conductor was the most mechanical of the lot, and it may easily be imagined that they introduced some astonishing effects into Raff's "Ime Walde" symphony. Hardly more satisfactory was the recital given by Mrs. Fischer-Sobell and Mr. Heinz on Monday, May 6, in the small Queen's Hall. Mrs. Fischer-Sobell's share was all right, though apparently she suffered from the uncongenial surroundings, and did neither her piano or herself justice; but Mr. Heinz was simply terrible. He came on smiling superciliously, like a learned pig brought from its sty to spell its name for the public amusement. However, he did very much cleverer things than that. He took the word "des," detached it from its context, and threw infinite tearful pathos into it; and he repeated the process whenever an opportunity afforded. In fact, he is the most insufferable sentimentalist ever tamed for use at social functions; and he made one long for the old days, when, if three or four troubadours gave a recital, the best one was crowned with a laurel wreath, and the worst one taken out to be hanged. On the following Wednesday evening, May 8, two gentlemen quite unknown to fame—or at least to me, which is much the same thing—gave a vocal and violin recital in Prince's Hall. Apparently they are not troubled with the modern vice of excessive modesty. This is a pretty sort of thing to stick at the head of your programme:—

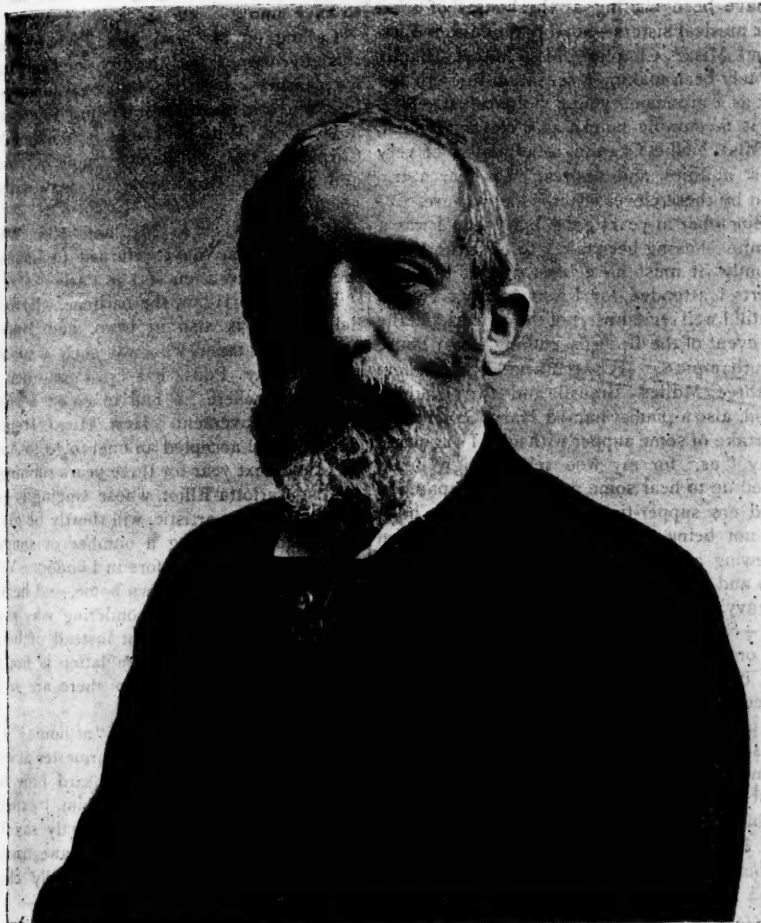
Herr Alfred Oberländer studied at the Vienna Conservatoire; after a short engagement in the Stadt-theater in Linz, he was engaged in Knoll's Opera in Berlin, and was so successful there, that he was offered engagements in all the best Operas in Germany. He decided to go to the Court Theatre in Karlsruhe, where he always took the tenor parts in Operas by Wagner and Berlioz. From time to time he appeared in London, Vienna, Berlin, Prague, and Frankfort. Last year he studied in Paris under Padilla, learnt the Italian style, in which he has met with great success in Basel and Stuttgart during the present season.

Herr Alfred Krasselt is the son of the concert-meister, Gustave Krasselt, in Baden-Baden. As a child of eight years old he played to the Emperor, William I., and to the Empress. He met Mr. Broadwood, now one of the retired members of the celebrated firm of piano manufacturers of that name, in London. When he was nine years old he was taken to Joachim, who said: "The boy must go to Leipzig." Mr. Broadwood supplied him with the means, and sent him to the Leipsic Conservatoire, where he studied under Petri and Brodsky. After having finished his studies, he accepted an engagement as soloist in Laube's Orchestra in Pawlowsk, near St. Petersburg, acquainting himself there with great distinction. He then returned to Germany, gave concerts in Munich, Bremen, Wiesbaden, Stuttgart, Erfurt, Gotha, Würzburg, Berlin, Hamburg, Brunswick, Hanover, Zurich, Basel, and St. Gallen, meeting everywhere with the greatest success.

Of course it is gratifying to know that Messrs. Oberländer and Krasselt have been so "successful" in so many places, but it would have been more gratifying if they had reserved some of their success for London. As it was, I can only record that Mr. Krasselt is a fair violinist and that Mr. Oberländer is very far from being a fair vocalist. Nothing more than this can be said in their favour. When I reached Prince's Hall at 9.30 on the evening of May 9, I found Miss Winifred Holiday, Miss Mabel Chaplin, Miss Wurm and Mr. Alfred Holiday polishing off the tail of Brahms' quartet in A, Op. 26, for piano and strings. Then Miss Kate Lee sang songs by Schubert with a measure of genuine feeling, and with art, but took away from the effect she might have made by an intolerable vibrato, or rather wobble, in her voice. She did better in some Brahms songs later on, but I urge upon her the advisability of dropping that pitiable wobbling trick, for it is pure affectation, and prevents the recognition of her undoubted gifts. Miss Winifred Holiday plays her fiddle with accuracy, and a certain purity of taste, but she gets no expression—her tone never lives. A melody as she presents it, makes one think of thin threads of coldest ice. I should like to have heard Miss Kate Chaplin play her cello in the second part of the programme, but the concert was so fearfully late that even as the first part came to an end I was strongly tempted to go home, and after Miss Marie Wurm had played a Barcarolle, a study for the left hand alone, and a Concert Waltz, I departed.



## The Munich Conductor.



WELL, we have had Levi here, and many of the critics hardly know what to make of him. When he got here on Monday, April 29, his first inquiry (I am rightly or wrongly told) was about the rehearsal he wished to hold at the unheard-of hour of 9.30 next morning; and that showed a business-like mind. It is this unwonted combination of the rare artist with the punctual shopkeeper that puzzles the critics. The ordinary artist would have waited until 9.20 at least before thinking of the matter, or if his wife or Mr. Schultz-Curtius were not about, the chances are he might never have thought of it at all. Not so Levi. As I say, his first thought was his rehearsal, and when he did rehearse, his first thought (apparently) was to have done with it. Not, however, by the easy manner of scamping. But simply he spent no time in enjoying himself. When, earlier in the year, I watched Mottl rehearse, I could see that he went on with some easy things long after he was satisfied they would go all right, merely because he was enjoying the magnificent playing of fine music by the most splendid instrumentalists in the world. Levi stopped the moment he knew all would go well. Naturally the men liked this, but one scarcely expected first-rate playing from a man who seemingly took so little interest in his work as that. But now the whole thing is over, one can see that not to worry the men is part of Levi's policy. He conducts as Moltke fought a battle; he stands by and looks on, only giving directions when they are needed, and effacing himself whenever possible, leaving his men to do what he knows they can do. Richter and Mottl, on the contrary, lead their hosts, like the soldiers of old time; Mr. Henschel, again,

meddles so much with them that they can no more play well than an army will fight well if the general persists in getting amongst the horses' legs. But the different methods of Levi and Mottl point to a deep, essential difference between the men. Mottl plays out of his own personality, expresses the mood that is strongest in him at the moment; Levi plays what is in the score, and nothing but what is in the score. In all probability Mottl could not for the life of him tell you precisely what he is going to do; but I am willing to wager any small amount (say, threepence or fourpence) that Levi could always tell you. Mottl, therefore, must be in touch with his men; he must indicate to them from moment to moment the exact effects and shades of expression that he wants. Levi, on the other hand, can tell his men at the rehearsal what he wants, and so long as they are producing it he need never interfere. His beat is not an elastic one, like Mottl's, and if he interfered much, the band would quickly lose much of their freedom of tone.

This essential difference comes out in the quality of the playing. Mottl's is lyric, passionate, gorgeous with colour, full of a wonderful virility. Levi's is rarely passionate, is certainly not virile, and the colour is never in excess of what the composer intended. One feels that he has not the magnificent breadth of Richter any more than he has the white-hot passion of Mottl. But he is wonderfully clear. I imagine he rarely misses fire, as both Mottl and Richter do very frequently. He takes, as it were, the main point of every bar, and devotes himself to fetching that out, and the details may go hang for anything he cares. For example, in the *Tannhäuser* overture he sacrificed every-

thing to making the main melody shine forth clear as the moon on a clear spring night; in the slow movement of the seventh symphony he looked after only one melody at a time; and the effect was excessive lucidity, with, one could not help feeling, a corresponding lack of richness and breadth. This is not to condemn Levi; it is only to distinguish between his conducting and his fellow-Bayreuthers. The archangel Michael might give us Richter's breadth, Mottl's passion and colour, and Levi's precision all together; but failing the archangel, we must take these qualities as we can get them, recognising that they are alike invaluable, even if, as it would seem, they are mutually destructive. Levi's exactitude, his incisiveness, make him as great a conductor as his colleagues, only he is different from them. Some will like one conductor, and some another, until the end of the world; but that is not to say that one is inferior to the rest. I welcome Levi's advent in this country, and hope he will often come again; for he can show us much in the music of Wagner and Beethoven that neither Manns, Mottl, nor Richter can show us. And, it may be, his certainty of fetching off whatever he aims at will make him a greater favourite than either Richter or Mottl with a public that hates to go to a concert and get less for its money than it expects.

Opera Burlesque  
at Richmond.

MESSRS. LEO AND HARRY TREVOR and Mr. Burnham Hoimer have achieved another success at the Richmond Theatre.

It was "an original opera burlesque" which they presented to their friends and critics in the evening of May Day and for the rest of the week. And the said friends and critics turned up in such generous numbers that the seating capacity of the theatre was somewhat severely taxed in order to accommodate them. The applause with which they interrupted and concluded the proceedings was equally generous, so that I am by no means using the language of exaggeration in characterizing the production as a success. Its subject was our sometime virgin ruler, Good Queen Bess, who of late years—such is the degeneracy of a democratic age—has provided prolific copy for the comic man, whereas the heroine-worshipper has slunk more and more into the background. It was the comicalities of glorious Liza's reign which exercised the ingenuity of the Messrs. Trevor; and they proved themselves equal to the task, aided and abetted by the County Council, and a candidate in all the modern magnificence of a frock coat and a silk hat. With material of this kind the rest of the fun depends on the interpreters; and the authors of *Good Queen Bess* are to be congratulated on the assistance they received in that respect. The performers, amateurs though they were, were all more or less good; but, as is usual in amateur shows, place must be given to the ladies, and above all to Miss Betelle. This lady scored heavily as Dolly, daughter of the Mayor of Plymouth; indeed, I can but wonder at the havoc this charming amateur would work in masculine hearts did she but change her occasional unprofessional appearances for the training and experiences of the regular stage. Of the rest, let brief but honourable mention be made of Miss Edith Clennell and Mrs. Douglas, of Mr. Brownlie, Mr. C. Bishop, and Mr. R. H. Atcherly. The authors, too, come into the cast, and showed that they could act as well as write, and with equally convincing display of fun. I hope they will all try again next year.

## "At Home" Days in London.

### IV.

THE season has commenced, and though we are not yet in the full swing of it, we have only to walk one day through the Park to see the crowds of well-dressed people, who try to show off their new costumes either by walking or driving. Then only has one an idea of what the London "season" is.

"At-homes" and concerts are beginning to get so numerous that one really has not the time to go to one half of the entertainments offered.

One visits one's friends on their "at-home" days in one's best new gown, and feels, in consequence, in better humour than some weeks ago. Then the principal topic was, "Isn't it cold?" and now it is, "Isn't it hot?"

The weather is always the favourite topic, but, strange to say, one hardly ever meets with any one who is thoroughly content with the weather exactly as it is; there is always a "but"—as in everything else.

Of all the "at-homes" I visited during the last few weeks, one stands out prominently for its very Englishified, unmusical management.

An old, worn-out cottage piano—one of the ancient fashion of silk fronts—was all that was provided for the professionally-engaged, well-known pianist to play upon; and upon her remonstrating, the hostess merely remarked, "Oh, but it is a very good piano; we think so, and we've had it for years." (It sounded as if they had; there was no mistake about that.) These good people had had the option of having a grand piano sent free to their house for said occasion, but refused to have it brought up their staircase, although it was a very broad one. The pianist would have refused to play, had it not been for the promise she had made for accepting one whole guinea as payment. A guinea is better than nothing; but still, to have said guinea given openly in the hall before a hired butler, by the hostess's daughter before leaving, was the climax to the pianist's appreciation of English manners and customs. I pitied the pianist, but still more the hostess, for the want of tact shown. To be an artist commands different respect abroad. A fee of one guinea to play four times in one afternoon's programme, intermingled with songs with guitar accompaniment, and another pianist playing, too (this time an amateur), would never occur in Germany.

It seems useless to remonstrate with some people in England, for they have absolutely no idea of good and bad music. To a thorough musician, however, it is painful to have to perform before people who understand nothing of the soul of music, and who listen to a lively tune, however badly or "vilely" it may be played or sung, but to everything else sit or stand in complete indifference, talking loudly. It is far better to engage conjurers at such parties than anything approaching a musician.

I was late in calling on Lady Barnby Sunday last, but still had the opportunity of meeting Madame Amy Scherwin and her husband, Mr. Hugo Gorlitz (Paderewski's agent and friend). It is a good many years ago since I first met Madame Amy Scherwin; I was at the time studying under Madame Schumann at Frankfurt. Madame Scherwin was studying with Professor Stockhausen, the great master of singing, and it happened that the pension I chose was filled with only Schumann and Stockhausen pupils. We were a lively, musical party, happy amongst each other and very good comrades. Since then Madame Scherwin has taken her place here in the front rank.

I have been visiting at the houses of some clever musical sisters—notably the Misses Eissler and Misses Chaplin. Miss Mabel Chaplin has lately been making a sensation through her talent as a promising young violoncellist. Miss Kate is favourably known as a clever violinist, and Miss Nellie Chaplin is a pianist of very earnest abilities and desires. To hear a trio played by these clever sisters is a pleasure.

I remember in years gone by—when I was a tiny mite—having been taken to hear the Brousil family (it must have been one of the first concerts I attended, for I was barely six years old; still I well remember, not the concert, but the great event of the Brousils' coming to our house at Southampton. My parents had invited them all (three Mdles. Brousil and two brothers Brousil, also a pianist named Harry Sanderson) to partake of some supper with us. I ought not to say "us," for my wee self, though being allowed up to hear some music, was despatched to bed ere supper-time commenced. I, however, not being able to resist the temptation of viewing all the delightful different-coloured jellies and soft-looking blancmanges, etc., without envy, crept out of my little bed, walked down—clad only in my night-gown—to have a peep once more at all the good things, when down came the guests to supper. I, fearing to meet them, crept under the table with its long table-cloth; and there I sat for a while until supper was in full swing, when I made my presence known—to the horriification of my parents and the amusement of the guests. I got a scolding, but also some jelly, and so, after all, I had had a treat. Of the Brousil family two members are living still in London; one is Bertha Brousil, one of the most kind-hearted of teachers and solo-violinists, whose white hair was caused by something else than age. Miss Cécile Brousil, the second violin of the once renowned quartett, is also in London, and then there is Adolph Brousil, the well-known 'cellist. Of Harry Sanderson, the pianist whom I mentioned in connection, little is known; he died, I believe, of delirium tremens in America, and though he played wonderfully well, he left nothing more as a proof of his talent except a pretty *Lullaby* (published by Moutrie & Sons, Baker Street). It is an exceedingly taking piece, though it has some jumpy chords, or rather wide stretches, which, however, can be played gently and effectfully, and I would advise amateurs to take up the piece.

The Misses Marianne, Clara, Frida and Emmy Eissler give proof of undoubted talent running in the family. Marianne, the violinist, is a very sweet girl, and possesses great technique and much feeling; Clara, the harpist, is immensely clever and modest withal. Frida, the pianist, spends her life mostly abroad, and has, I hear, now gone to Leschetitzky (Vienna) to study. Emmy is the eldest sister, and, one may say, the backbone of all. She is everything to her sisters—impresario, accompanist, friend, maid, mother—ever thinking of others, never of herself, and I may well say, that a good deal of the success in Marianne and Clara's career is owing to the never-failing energy of their sister Emmy. In their commodious house in Redcliffe Square, S.W., they have very enjoyable friendly parties, and a more unassuming, quiet family I have hardly ever met. Madame Adelina Patti has evidently taken Marianne and Clara into her affection, for they possess and get continually proofs of it—and but a week before their concert they returned from

Craig-y-nos, where they had been staying with Madame Patti as her favoured guests. That their concert was so well attended the other day was a proof that they have a great many friends—to fill the big Queen's Hall one needs to have many.

Calling on Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hovey's this afternoon, I had the great and long-awaited-for pleasure of meeting Madame Antoinette Sterling, who told me of her intending American tour in October. With her she takes Madame Nettie Carpenter, the well-known pupil of Sarasate, and also Mr. Brockbank, the very successful vocalist.

I paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Mockridge, who have returned to London for the season after their stay in Paris.

Herr Hugo Heinz, the baritone, who sings so delightfully, is also in town, and Herr von Dulong, the tenor, who was such a success at the Monday Pops, has just returned from Germany, where he had to go on account of family bereavement. Herr Hugo Heinz has received and accepted an offer to go to America this time next year for three years running.

Miss Carlotta Elliot, whose singing is getting more and more artistic, will shortly be giving a vocal recital, singing a number of songs that have not been sung before in London. When I visited her last in her own home, and heard her sing, I could not help wondering why she had not remained in the front instead of being so modest and retiring. The latter is not much good in London society, for there are so many pushing professionals.

Instead of going to an "at-home" I preferred going to hear Willy Burmester at his first violin recital. Not having heard him before, but having heard much about him, I expected a very great deal. I cannot exactly say I was disappointed, yet I was not so awestruck and enthusiastic as others. I generally class all musicians into three distinct classes:—

Joachim belongs to the noble players; Burmester, to the master of technique; but for sweetness, purity of tone, and emotional playing give me Sarasate. I am perhaps now more than ever an admirer of the latter's playing, because I missed sympathetic playing in Burmester. Somehow, I cannot applaud a lot of difficult passages played ever so admirably—it's all practised up, like on the pianoforte. If to accomplish such feats is wonderful, I would just as soon applaud everything that is accomplished by sheer mechanical labour. No, I want a simple, soul-stirring tone, that touches a chord within me.

M. A. J. W.

"THE CARVED STONES OF ISLAY," on which Mr. Graham of Skipness has been working for some years, will be published before long by Messrs. MacLehose & Sons, of Glasgow. There are over a hundred sculptured stones in the island, and of these about seventy are engraved in "The Carved Stones of Islay." Perhaps from the isolated position of Islay, or from the loneliness of the graveyards in which they lie, several of the stones are in a wonderful state of preservation. To ensure the most satisfactory and truthful results, the stones have, in the majority of cases, been moulded in wet waper; plaster casts have been taken from the moulds, and these have then been engraved by photogravure. In all cases the positions of carved stones have been indicated, and a descriptive catalogue of all the carved stones in the island is included in the volume, as well as plans of the churchyards.





## + Authors and their Works. +

J. M. BARRIE.



**U**P in his native Thrums, yclept Kirriemuir, Mr. Barrie is looked upon with a kind of mingled pride and pity. "Poor James!" they say, "he had to tak' to writin' books. He was aye that delicate." James in his turn has so far pitied the people of Thrums that he has contrived to make them interesting and even lovable. Assuredly it needed a genius to achieve that result. If you had met these Auld Lichts of Mr. Barrie's in the flesh, you would have found them as rigid as cast-iron, as dogged as mules, as narrow-visioned as a horse with blinders. A teacupful of iron-nerved and leather-hearted saints, saved out of a lost and ruined universe: that is how they have been described, and with tolerable accuracy. Evidently there was no laughter in the Auld Licht Thrums; and if the children there had not a hard time, one is curious to know how they protected themselves. Even Mr. Barrie himself has been described as "too solemn even for a minister." But Mr. Barrie, when it comes to Thrums, can see things that to the common man are as imperceptible as the inhabitants of the planet Mars. He can see into the hearts of the people, and through that pathos of his which, far more than his humour, is his best quality as an artist he has transfigured these humble humdrum lives into pictures which bring the tears to our eyes even in our most critical moods.

Take "A Window in Thrums," which, all things considered, is still Mr. Barrie's best book. The homely pathos of that work is at times almost too much for the feelings. On a small scale and on a humble stage we are

brought face to face with sorrow cheerfully endured, the paltry and yet horrible misery of the rude pressure of life upon hidden sores, the heroism of broken hearts. There is no doubt, as a writer has said, that a pathetic effect is gained by the simple fact that it is by humble folk, of whom the great world is disdainfully ignorant, that we find those virtues expressed which have made heroic the most lovable names in history. We are not prepared for such beautiful acts of unselfishness, which are yet, if we only knew, so much more characteristic of the poor than of the rich, such tender fortitude in circumstances so humble and untoward, such touching thankfulness for the most meagre mercies of life. To show us these without exaggeration, without any of those unnecessary touches which heighten the effect in the same way that powder and paint heighten the complexion, an artist is required. Mr. Barrie respects not only the depth of feeling of his men and women, but also their awkward shyness and imperfect sympathies. When he is pursuing a humorous way he may be truthful or not, but whenever there is sorrow in the air he will not diverge a hair's-breadth from the truth.

Mr. Barrie's biography is soon told. Born at Kirriemuir, in Forfarshire, in 1860, he attended school there, and afterwards spent five years at Dumfries Academy. Subsequently he went to Edinburgh University, and graduated M.A. in 1882. He does not seem to have been one of the students of whom professors say that they have the world at their feet. At Dumfries the girls used to keep a "Querists' Album," and to this day the record stands that Mr. Barrie's

"pet aversion" was the Academy bell. At Edinburgh, again, he does not appear to have had any passion for knowing that when circles or triangles attempt impossibilities it is absurd; and as it was an unknown quantity he was ever content to "walk round about." Leaving the University, he took at once to journalism. He went to London with the young man's ignoble ambition of making £1000 a year, and he made it—all except £900. He first became known by his sketches of Kirriemuir life, first in the *St. James' Gazette*, and afterwards in a religious weekly which pretends to have "discovered" him. By-and-by he put his name to one or two feeble books, such as "Better Dead," and "When a Man's Single"; then we had "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums," and Mr. Barrie's fame was established. "The Little Minister," his latest novel, is but a moderate success. It is full of delightful scenes, humorous and pathetic, and the story runs smoothly enough; but there are many improbabilities in it, and in reading it one has always the feeling that Mr. Barrie could do so much better. "Walker, London" and "The Professor's Love Story" of course everybody has seen on the stage. This connection of Mr. Barrie with the theatre is a thing about which Kirriemuir has not made up its mind; on the whole, however, Thrums would much rather that James should continue to write books and leave the theatre severely alone. For a long time the Kirriemuir people believed, and some indeed still believe, that in London Mr. Barrie is an editor. Accordingly, when on a visit to the place just before beginning "The Little Minister," and questioning old people as to the sect whose preachers had the smallest stipends, he was popularly supposed to have been sent down by Mr. Gladstone (who has, so they think, the London editors under his foot) to collect information to be used in drawing up a Bill for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Kirk. Such is fame!

Mr. Barrie is now married, and is evidently leading a quiet life. We have been looking for something from him for a long time now. He has already given us "When a Man's Single"; let him follow up with "When a Man's Married." It is too bad that that high-falutin' imitator of his, Mr. S. R. Crockett, should be having it all his own way, to say nothing of of "Ian Maclaren," the kail-yard man.

COL. PHIPPS'S "Lives of the Marshals of Napoleon," upon which he has been engaged for many years, is now approaching completion, and is to be issued by Messrs. Bentley.

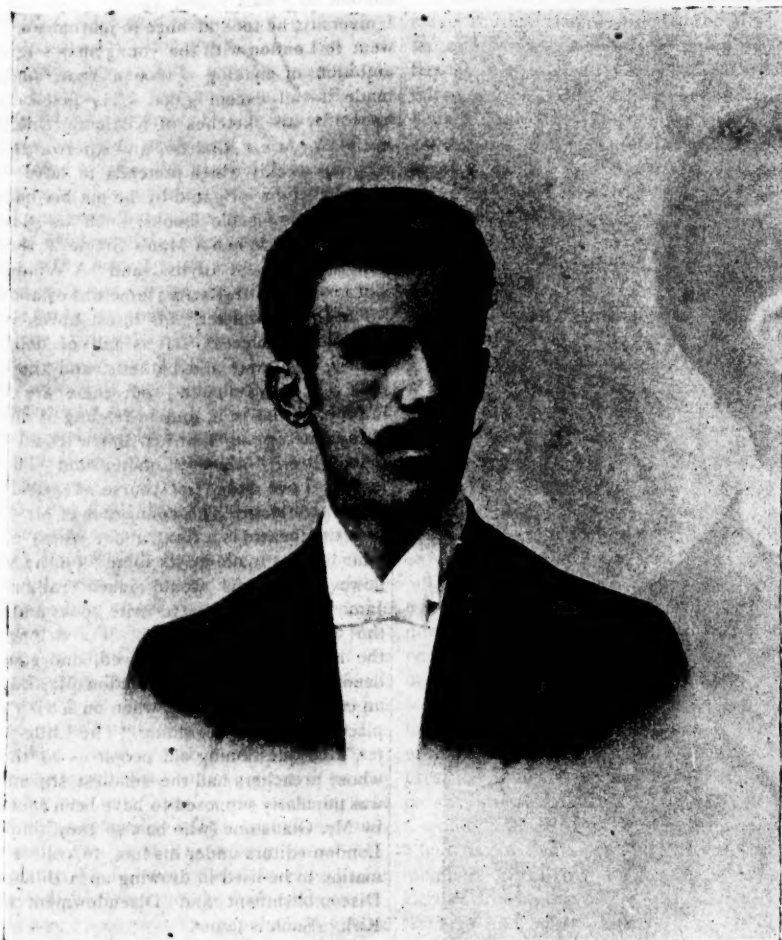
At the request of the editor of the *Century Magazine*, Mr. Gosse has put together his personal recollections of R. L. Stevenson, ranging over nearly a quarter of a century. These reminiscences will appear in an early number of the magazine.

THE greatest sympathy is felt with Mr. Leslie Stephen upon the loss of his accomplished and beautiful wife. Mrs. Stephen's kindness to the sick and poor was proverbial, and out of her experience grew her excellent little volume "Notes from Sick-rooms," which Messrs. Smith & Elder published some years ago.

MR. W. M. ROSSETTI, as executor and legatee of Miss Christina Rossetti, proposes to sell off pretty soon a portion of her small library and other effects. Among the books are several items having a certain personal or family interest. The books and some other things are likely to be sold by auction at Messrs. Sotheby's.

THE late Gustav Freytag is said to have left the sum of one million marks, besides some landed property, a fortune quite unprecedented for a German author. Several German papers eulogize him highly as an excellent man of business, a talent which will explain his great success with the glorification of the counting-house in his novel "Soll und Haben."

## Herr Willy Burmester.



IN accordance with that inexplicable tendency to deterioration to which all forms of human speech are subject, terms dealing with matters abstract or artistic are as prone to lose the original dignity of their meaning as their more matter-of-fact, utilitarian comrades.

I do not know a more striking example of this than in the case of that freely employed substantive—*virtuoso*. This, too often in a derogatory sense, is narrowed down to convey the lesser part of art—that is, speaking from the broadest standpoint—the perfection of mechanism, which in some sense might be applied with equal fairness to sleight of hand or the technique of the typewriter. When the term was coined, it sought to convey two ideas—manly strength and valour, which is the original signification of *virtus*.

But to our own discredit be it if we leave a word so full of fine meaning to fall so low, since within the last few weeks there has passed into the horizon of musical England one who in his own person restores the down-trodden substantive to its high estate. Since Joachim first came to England as a boy, under the auspices of Mendelssohn, no player has roused such enthusiasm in our sober island as did the young stranger violinist, who is firstly an astounding executant, secondly, an experienced musician, and, combining both, an intrepid *virtuoso*, whose hand and brain have never quailed for fear of drudgery or unremitting labour.

Herr Burmester is a Hamburgher, with all the North German force of character and rigidity of purpose, though he will tell you with

head erect, yet with a twinkle in his eye, that he prefers to associate himself with Russian music and Russian life. This is not surprising, since the most important years of his studentship have been passed at Helsingfors, in Finland, a town which from its proximity to the vastest of continental kingdoms has become a resort of Russian musicians, and of famous artists indeed of all lands. Burmester was born in 1869, and received his first musical training under his father, a musician. His first concertos in public were played at the age of seven. Fortunately for himself and for posterity his father wisely refrained from making a mere child-prodigy of the boy, and set him to work for some four years under Joachim, after which at the age of sixteen the young violinist made his first concert tour. The things worth having are always the most gradual in development. The young Burmester had to make his choice between a certain monetary success, coupled with a musical position which we may describe as ordinary but good, and years of seclusion, of disinterested devotion to art, with the distant hope of those attainments which make his name already known in all parts of Europe. He chose the steeper, the narrower way, and retired to work at Helsingfors to lay the foundation of to-day's triumph. Those who have watched his rapt attitude in a Bach aria or a famous adagio will feel the truth of his simple remark to me apropos of this period of study:—"Ich lebe für meine Violine und meine Violine lebt für mich."

By this time praise of Herr Burmester's *début* is several weeks old; critics have talked them-

selves hoarse discussing the various points of this young giant of the violin. One does not easily forget the impression of the *entrée* at St. James's Hall, how those marvellous harmonics hurtled through the air in a tense silence, or the bursts of applause just at the entrance of each *tutti*, which even a fastidiously musical audience could not repress.

It was an unlooked-for combination of fortunate circumstances that led to my meeting with Herr Burmester on the morrow of his artistic victory. No limner could have desired a happier moment for his pen portrait. Add to this the beautiful Salle Erard, where I found Mr. Mayer and the violinist in close converse, planning perhaps a musical campaign for the near future, and you have the background for our "subject."

The group broke up as I entered, and Herr Burmester came forward. I uttered some stumbling congratulations and plunged into commonplaces.

"England? I like it very much, so far."

"What did you think of your audience last night?"

Herr Burmester's eyes kindled with approval.

"Excellent," he said, "it entered into every point of the programme. It was a very musical audience."

"And our orchestras over here? Better than Berlin?"

"Very good. No, Berlin is not much to speak of in the way of an orchestra; Dresden takes far higher rank than the capital in this respect."

"Do you mind telling me if you like Paganini music more than other things?"

A shrug of the shoulders.

"Why did you not give us more Spohr and Bach last night?"

"I play Paganini for the public, Spohr" (with a courteous bow) "for the critics, Bach for myself."

"Then give us as much Bach as you like," I cried, "for Bach is great and satisfying."

"Yes, Bach is great, and withal so simple."

"And your stay in England is to be longer this time?"

"Till the middle of June, I hope."

"Have you many friends here?"

"Oddly enough I know no one. You see I have not been to England before, except on a flying visit to play at the Symphony concerts, and my friends are centered at Helsingfors."

"I do not think you will be left in peace long," I said, turning to Herr Fatzer, Mr. Burmester's brother-in-law, who had joined us.

"We are going to travel about a little and see the sights," responded the latter. "Herr Burmester is interested in other arts besides his own, but his time is of course consecrated to his violin."

"What is your instrument?" I asked the musician; "I glanced at it after rehearsal yesterday but do not recognise it."

"It is a Matteo Bente, three hundred years old."

"Do you mean to give us any Schumann at your coming recitals?"

"Yes, a romance, or some short pieces, not a sonata, unless I could secure the co-operation of a pianist of the same artistic mould as myself."

It is the impossibility of literal translation that makes it difficult to convey the last remark. The word he used was "*ebenbürtig*." It means, literally, "conceived artistically in the same vein." His direct, simple use of the phrase was very characteristic, and prompted not by arrogance, but by the keen sensitiveness of a man who rejects all but the most perfect con-



ditions of performance in the cause of true art, and demands the like in his collaborator.

"Do you still work as hard as in old days?" I asked.

"I practise every day, and exercises, always exercises, so that when I come to play over solos the hand has been practised in every position possible."

"Deal tenderly with me," said Herr Burmester, as I rose to release him, and he glanced half comically at the pen I had endeavoured to conceal.

I felt on my mettle. I turned to Herr Fatzner. "My German is not so good as it used to be. Tell our artist that it is a critic's business to record the good only, the public will do the rest when they can!"

And so ended my first meeting with the virtuoso, whose motto should be that of the French gallant to whom no enterprise seemed too hard for his lady's sake:—"Where a thing is possible, I count it as achieved, but, where it is impossible, it shall be achieved."

One more quotation. We leave Herr Burmester at the outset of what must be a remarkable career and one full of infinite possibilities. In the words of Edmund Gosse, the musician, like the poet, "works not for immortality, since that is a vague phrase, but for the future." And what sweeter fame or finer guerdon for the tone-poet than the reverent gratitude of posterity?

A. M. RAWSON.

## Dramatic Notes.

**Round the Theatres.** THE divine Sarah is, at the time of going to press, announced at Daly's for May 27, where she will play Sardou's latest production, *Gismonda*, which ran for a hundred nights in Paris. She is also to appear in *La Princesse Lointaine*. This will, of course, mean a move for the *Artist's Model*, which goes to the Lyric. Signora Duse is giving a few performances at Drury Lane, beginning with *La Dame aux Camélias*, followed by *La Femme de Claude*. Miss Olga Nethersole has succeeded Mrs. Patrick Campbell in *Mrs. Ebbsmith*. She affects a less dowdy attire than Mrs. Pat in the first act. I don't think the innovation any improvement, and that is all the criticism I feel justified in offering on her performance. By the way, the lady in question is reported to have received £1,500 from Mr. Daly as compensation for breach of contract and expenses incurred. So poor *Delia Harding*—who wasn't a Suffolk Harding—is dead at last! How the poor thing managed to linger on so long in pain is a mystery to any who ever shared her agonies for an evening in Panton Street. One was tempted on such occasions to forget *Delia's* woes altogether, in sympathy for those talented artists who had to speak impossible lines and pose in impossible and ludicrous situations. Cyril Maude is reported to have wept briny tears at sight of his part. If that is all he did, I must congratulate him on his self-restraint. Since *Delia's* death her late home has been closed, and the shutters will remain up until Jerome opens with an original play, which will possibly run until Pinero's piece is ready in the autumn. Comyns Carr is reported to have another play of Grundy's up his sleeve for production there. Irving's season closed on May 27. He starts for Montreal in September, taking with him Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Brenda Gibson (a young actress with some reputation in Australia). His American tour

will probably occupy a twelvemonth. *The Shop Girl*, *The Ladies' Idol*, *The Passport*, and *Fanny* are going gaily, but the biggest receipts still continue to be taken by *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* and that ineffably stupid variety show *Gentleman Joe*. I only saw the entertainment in its earlier stages, so don't know whether the services of "Uncle Bones" and his heathen crew are still retained. I should imagine that, with the advent of summer suns, they will begin to pant for the free air of the desert, and that we shall have the joy of seeing them depart some fine morning with a whoop of triumph for their native wilds, on the shores of Thanet. Heaven send that so it may be.

**Miss Winifred Emery progresses**  
**The Sick List.** favourably, and is expected to be well enough to take the heroine in Pinero's new play at the Comedy, in September. Johnny Toole announces from Hastings that he is "getting better," and hopes soon to be in harness again. Miss May Yohe is still out of the bill at the Avenue, but Miss Millie Hylton (at the same theatre) who had contracted laryngitis, has returned to work again. Miss Alma Stanley, after a few brilliant performances as *Pacquita O'Brien*, has been obliged to retire from all professional work for awhile. During her illness, Mrs. Cecil Raleigh plays her part with much success. Miss Florence St. John was obliged to relinquish an Irish engagement through catching a severe chill on the Dublin voyage.

### Tree's Triumphs.

I attended the Haymarket on the night of Tree's return; his admirers were in full force, and his reception at their hands overwhelming. After the man at the curtain had made several attempts to extinguish his efforts at speech-making, he told us, that of all the sweet memories which (amongst other miscellaneous properties) he had brought back across the Atlantic, the sweetest was (here his grammar became striking and original) that (memory?) of his reception at our hands that night. He would take his cue from the impatient curtain, and cut short his remarks, merely stating his immediate plans. He intended opening on May 25, with a revival of *Fedora*, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the heroine. This latter announcement was received in respectful silence, but when he stated that Mrs. Bancroft would return and take her old part of Countess Olga, a hurricane of applause ensued. When *Fedora* had run her course, he hoped to present a version of Du Maurier's *Tribby*.

All this was very pleasant and charming, but 'twas a heavy price to pay for it, when one had to solemnly sit through *John-a-dreams* again. The gaucheries of the thing seemed intenser than ever, and it was with a sigh of relief that we saw the villain foiled, and the yacht start off suddenly at twenty miles an hour on an even keel, with nary a sail set, while gentlemanly jack tars, in patent leather pumps, softly coo'd their Haymarket version (I mean perversion) of what I presume were intended for shanties. Our release came when a gentleman at the wings brought down the curtain with the somewhat irrelevant announcement that he'd seen to the binnacle and hoped every one was quite well.

THE PITTITE.

[Note by Editor.—Since the above was sent to press, Jerome's play, *The Prude's Progress*, has been produced, and Miss May Yohe and Miss Alma Stanley have recovered sufficiently to enable them to resume their respective parts.]

## Accidentals.

**M**R. STAVENHAGEN, who appeared at the Philharmonic Concert of May 16, is engaged until January next abroad. He will tour Great Britain during February and March 1896.

Richter will be in England with his orchestra in October. Three concerts will be given in London, and a short provincial tour will follow.

The Parisian orchestral players are trying to boycott the foreigner by persuading managers of theatres and concerts not to engage more than ten per cent. of aliens. There are at present 3,000 orchestral musicians in Paris, and of these 1,500 are foreigners.

There is a proposal to erect a memorial to the late Professor Helmholtz, and a central committee has been formed in Berlin to carry out the project.

Mr. Burnand practically says that *Punch* knows better than Dr. Villiers Stanford how the players in an orchestra are placed. This is the best joke *Punch* has made for a long time.

The courts have now finally decided, that it is not necessary to print English music in America in order to obtain copyright there.

It is said that since the introduction of the electric light, singers are able to preserve their voices in better condition. This because they are cooler, do not perspire, and do not get husky.

From the last report of the Leeds Festival Committee it appears that the guarantee fund is now £76,545, or £675 more than last time. As there is a reserve fund of over £3,000, any guarantee must be merely nominal.

An association of the choirs and musical societies for the north of England has been formed at Leeds. The objects of the association are to put an end to the "dreadful mediocrity among judges" at vocal contests, and to obtain from the railway companies reduced fares for travelling to competitions.

Herr W. Kes, the new conductor of the Scottish Orchestra, has succeeded Richard Strauss as director of the Nouveaux Concerts in Brussels.

Miss Ella Russell will presently rejoin the Carl Rosa Opera Company. It is announced also that Madame Marie Duma, the successful prima donna of the company, will next season devote herself to oratorio and concert work.

Nikisch seems to be in for it at Budapest. The ex-tenor Prevost has accused him to the Government Commissioner of having taken ten per cent. from the artists engaged by him on contract. Nikisch's reply is a libel suit against Prevost.

Miss Eugénie Joachim, a niece of the famous violinist, has established herself in London. She is making a speciality of teaching correct enunciation and declamation in German lieder, oratorios, and operas.

The Diet of Finland has made a grant of £125 yearly for the next ten years towards the encouragement and support of Finnish composers. When will our Government do something of the kind?

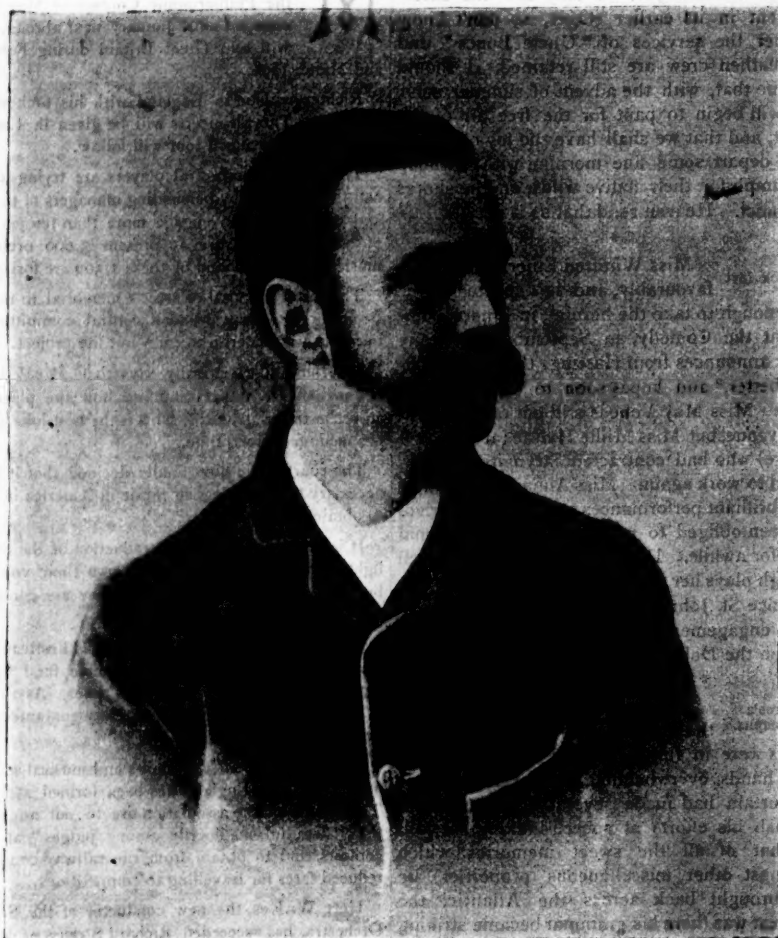
A bill has been passed by the New York Legislature designed to prohibit the wearing of big hats at places of amusement. The statute should be made international.

Dr. Spark, the Leeds Corporation organist, is to have an assistant with the munificent salary of £30 per annum.

The directors of the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company have arranged with Miss Ella Russell to rejoin them on tour during their forthcoming season, commencing, as usual, in Dublin, in August next. Amongst the roles that will be undertaken by Miss Russell will be Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*, Elsa in *Lohengrin*, Leonora in *Trovatore*, Senta in *The Flying Dutchman*, and Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser*.

## Mr. Charles E. Clemens,

ENGLISH ORGANIST IN BERLIN.



It is an unusual thing to meet with a successful professional English musician in a continental city, but such a one is Mr. C. E. Clemens, the organist of St. George's English Episcopal Church in Berlin. Mr. Clemens has only been in Berlin some four or five years, and in that short time has placed himself in the front rank as teacher and performer in the Prussian capital.

Charles Edwin Clemens was born in Devonport in 1856, and from his earliest childhood evinced exceptional musical talent, so much so that at the early age of twelve he was the regularly appointed and salaried organist of St. Paul's Church in his native town. His first teachers were Warwick Browne, John Hele, Mus. Bac., Oxon, and Samuel Weekes, Mus. Bac., Cantab. Up to his twentieth year he filled several posts in succession, always advancing in importance, not only as organist, but also as accompanist to different choral societies, as the Devonport Choral and the Plymouth Vocal Association, the latter under the directorship of the late Frederick Lohr.

Deciding to adopt music as a profession, at the age of twenty he proceeded to London, and was a student there under some of the best masters for several years. Afterwards, Mr. Clemens took up his work in the west of England, and was for some years, until he came to London again for further study, successfully engaged as a leading professional musician. In his second term of study in the Metropolis, Mr. Clemens entered the Royal College of Music, then newly opened, and had Ernst Pauer for his pianoforte instructor, Dr. Bridge and Dr. Martin for theoretical and organ work. He

took a high stand both as pianist and organist and was one of the best students of the college. Resuming professional work in the west of England, principally Plymouth, he was particularly successful both as teacher and public performer; and as organist and choir-master to some of the largest churches, was one of the busiest and most important musicians in that part of England.

Five years ago Mr. Clemens contracted a very severe illness, from over-work and other causes, and was compelled to cancel all his professional duties. When convalescent he was advised to journey to the Continent for change of air and rest, and ultimately arrived in Berlin in a very weak state of health. It was his original intention to return to his former work in England, and resume his old duties; but fate willed otherwise, for which many, particularly the English congregation and many past and present students in Berlin, are thankful. Mr. Clemens was twelve months in Berlin simply as a convalescent, and during that time was often invited by the Rev. Frank Owen, British Chaplain, to preside at the organ in St. George's Church, at special festival and other services. His playing was such a change from what had been the custom, and pleased everybody so much, including the Empress Frederick, who is a regular attendant of the church when in the capital, that he was induced finally, when other offers had also been made to him, such as a professorship in the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory, to undertake the charge of the musical services in the church, and to settle permanently in Berlin.

Since that time the music in St. George's has

vastly improved, and owing to the Empress Frederick's kindness and increased interest in the music of the church, the organ has been enlarged and otherwise made more effective. Mr. Clemens instituted organ recitals after the evening service on every third Sunday in the month, and these have become one of the musical events of Berlin, and are largely attended. Monbijou Gardens, in which the beautiful English Church of St. George is situated, presents an interesting sight every Sunday, when the large number of English people resident in Berlin, and also a great many Americans, meet for Divine service. One could almost fancy he were in England, when looking over the large congregation, composed entirely of English-speaking people, in the heart of a foreign city, and hearing the well-worn and beautiful words of the Church of England service. The service is choral, and one of the most interesting features is the fine organ accompaniment by Mr. Clemens.

At his residence in the Nollendorf Strasse, Mr. Clemens has a comfortable organ studio, fitted up with a two-manual organ, built by Hele & Co., Plymouth, England. The instrument is especially designed for practice, and has the College of Organists' scale of pedal board, concave, and with radiating sharps. On this he gives many lessons to English and American students who have come to Berlin for a German musical education, and who happily combine a course of organ study at the same time according to English methods.

The German idea as to the requirements of a church organist is so utterly different from our own, and the organs are built on such a different scale, that it is of little use for an English or American student to study organ-playing in Germany. But a residence of a few years in such an acknowledged musical centre as Berlin, with its unsurpassed opera and concert advantages (not forgetting their incredible cheapness), the low price of living, etc., is of immense gain to a student; and when a young organist can combine this with sympathetic organ work, the advantages are tenfold. Mr. Clemens saw the need of such in Berlin, for so many students who simply had to drop all organ work while in Germany, and instituted the organ studio, which has been successful beyond all expectations, and has attracted several to the German capital, who would not have come otherwise.

At the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory Mr. Clemens, in addition to his duties as professor of the organ, conducts large theoretical classes for English and American students. For these classes he had written a new work on harmony, which has been so successful that it will shortly be published.

In 1893 Breitkopf and Haertel, Leipzig, published his book on "Modern Progressive Pedal Technique," in two volumes, which is considered by many eminent judges to surpass all other works on the same subject. It is fast becoming well known as a standard work, and has received most excellent testimonials from such men as Alex. Guilmant, Dr. Martin, Dr. Bridge, Clarence Eddy, and Dudley Buck.

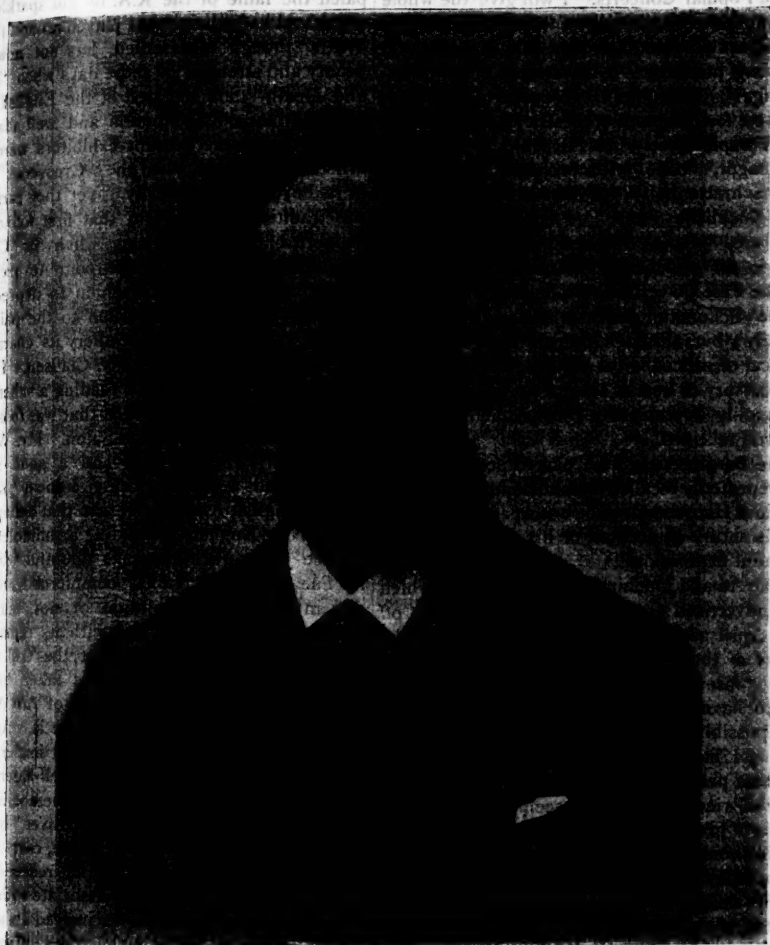
G. H. FAIRCLOUGH.

RUBINSTEIN'S widow has been pensioned by the Czar—3000 roubles a year.

THE Lower Rhine Festival will be held this year in Cologne at Whitsuntide. The programmes will include Haydn's "Seasons"; Herr Wüllner's "Te Deum"; an overture by Handel; the third part of Schumann's "Faust" music; Brahms's Symphony in F, No. 3; Bach's cantata "Wir danken Dir, Gott"; Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony; the *finale* from "Parsifal"; and items by Mendelssohn, Max Bruch, Humperdinck, and Richard Strauss.



## The "Popular" Philharmonic Concerts in Berlin, and the Conductor Prof. Franz Mannstaedt.



ONE of the most interesting features in the musical life of Berlin is the succession of popular orchestral concerts held every Tuesday and Wednesday evening in the Philharmonic Hall, from the beginning of October to the middle of May. These concerts, apart from being most enjoyable and instructive, present an interesting sight, especially to a new arrival in the Prussian capital who is unused to German customs. Come with me, then, to one of them, and I will introduce you to one of the pleasantest evenings imaginable. During the day we have read on the *saule*, or advertising pillar, the programme, and see perhaps that our favourite symphony, or concerto, is to be played, or that some well-known local pianist is to assist. These pillars, by the way, are a great convenience. One does not need to hunt through a newspaper for announcements for coming events. Here they are, programmes for all concerts, play-bills of all theatres and other places of entertainment in the city, with all necessary information, at every street corner of any consequence all through Berlin. About half-past six we start for the "Phil," as it is familiarly called among the student class. We must go early, as it begins at seven, and to get a good seat one must be there in good time. Everything begins to the minute in Berlin. If you are two minutes later than the advertised time for commencing at a concert or opera, you will, most certainly, miss the first number or the overture, as the inner doors are closed punctually to the tick, and you must wait until it is over. This is certainly a praiseworthy feature in the Berlin concert system. You can always listen to a

performance in peace, and disturbances of any kind are invariably hissed down. Everything begins early, either at 7 or 7.30, very seldom later (indeed, the Royal Opera occasionally at 6.30 for a lengthy Wagner drama), and we get home at a respectable hour.

But we were starting out for the "Philharmonic." It is only a short walk from the homes of musical students, the "musical quarter" of Berlin, and we get there in a few minutes. Passing in, we look for a "good table." It seems rather odd to look for a table at a concert, but in the popular concerts the vast audience is seated at small tables, about six people at each. It is an interesting sight to see the various groups of people. At one table is perhaps a family, at another a jolly party of students, at another a bevy of bright English or American girls. All sorts and conditions are there, rich and poor, young and old. The German wives bring their knitting, and the *fräuleins* their fancy work. You see old grey-haired men following attentively, or nodding their heads to the tune of a favourite passage in some well-known and often-heard symphony, and you realise how musical the Germans are as a nation. They love their Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and can never hear the well-worn symphonies too often. During the performance of any number, the whole audience is as silent as if in church. At the stroke of seven the opening number begins, and the concert, consisting of three parts, is over before ten. Here are two programmes, taken at random, from the long list of excellent ones given this winter. The first is that of November 7.

### PART I.

1. Overture "Fürst Igor" ... *A. Borodin.*  
(First time of performance.)
2. Trio, F sharp, minor, op. 1. For piano, violin, and 'cello ... *César Franck.*  
Andante con moto—Scherzo, Allegro Molto—Finale, Allegro Maestoso.  
Herrn Mannstaedt, Wittek, and Van Beuge.

### PART II.

3. Quintette, E flat, op. 44 ... *Schumann.*  
For piano, two violins, viola and 'cello.

### PART III.

4. Vorspiel to "Ingwelde" II. Act. *M. Schillings.*
5. (a) "Träumerei" ... *Schumann.*  
(b) Perpetuum mobile (musical fun) *J. Strauss.*
6. Overture, "Ruy Blas" ... *Mendelssohn.*

The second programme is that of more recent date, February 27, when young Severin Eisenberger, a boy of sixteen, and an exceptionally talented pupil of Ehrlich, played two piano concertos.

### PART I.

1. Overture, "Euryanthe" ... *Weber.*
2. Concerto, C minor, op. 37 ... *Beethoven.*  
For piano and orchestra.

### PART II.

3. VIII. Symphony, F major ... *Beethoven.*

### PART III.

4. Concerto, No. 3, G major, op. 45 *Rubinstein.*  
For piano and orchestra.
5. Vorspiel, "Meistersinger" ... *Wagner.*

The playing, both of orchestra and soloists, is always of uniform excellence, the programmes are never uninteresting, and new works are continually being brought out. On Sunday evenings a concert is also given, but of a lighter kind. Symphonies are omitted, and Strauss waltzes, light Italian overtures, and more "catchy" music are given, but at the same time good standard works also.

This Philharmonic orchestra has lots to do. It is the same orchestra exactly with which the famous "Bülow" concerts, now under Richard Strauss, are given. The accompaniments to the oratorio concerts of the Philharmonic choir (under Siegfried Ochs), the Sing Academy choir (under Dr. Martin Blummer), the Stern Singing Society (under Franz Gernsheim), are played by it; the Wagner Verein, with Karl Klindworth, employs it for its series of concerts; and it is in great demand for many other concerts. In fact, the orchestra is playing during the winter on an average in five concerts a week, and a daily rehearsal is held at 11.

The conductor, and the one to whom the present high standard of excellence is due, is Prof. Franz Mannstaedt, whose portrait accompanies this notice. I had the pleasure of meeting him, and his estimable wife, at a musical soirée a short time ago at the house of a charming Berlin family. Herr Mannstaedt, apart from being an all-round thorough musician, is a pianist equal to many prominent as such in the musical world, but prefers orchestral conducting to public piano-playing. On this evening he was a host in himself at the piano, a beautiful "grand," giving a delightful impromptu programme of pieces, nearly all of which were specially asked for by some one in the party. Whether it was Schumann's F sharp Romance, the Ballade in G minor of Chopin, a Brahms Intermezzo, or a Liszt Rhapsody, it made no difference—he had them all at his fingers' ends. And I never heard finer accompaniments than were played by him to songs that were sung during the evening. He played the accompaniment to a whole scene from *Tristan and Isolde* from memory. In conversation I had with him then, and a few days later at his comfortable house in the west of Berlin, when I called to "interview" him, I

learned that he was born in Westphalia, in 1852, and was always devotedly fond of music; in fact, at the age of six, he had already played several piano solos in a concert. When he was ten years of age, and shortly after the death of his father, he was placed in the Stern Conservatorium, in Berlin—a much more famous institution in those days than it is now, by the way. He remained six years, having for his teachers Ehrlich for the piano, Kiel for composition, and Stern for ensemble playing. Mannstaedt was the accompanist of the choral class which was conducted by Stern, and, in the occasional absence of the latter, he took the baton, thus already gaining experience as a conductor at a very early age.

His first position was at Mainz, where he was second Kapellmeister. After a few years he returned to Berlin to accept the conductorship of the newly-organized "Symphony Orchestra" which gave popular concerts, something similar to those of the Philharmonic now. He had the rare privilege of being intimate with Wagner, when the great maestro was superintending the first performance in Berlin of *Tristan and Isolde*, the score of which he studied minutely along with Nieman and Betz, the opera singers, under Wagner's personal supervision.

In 1882 he went to Meiningen, where he was associated with Hans von Bülow, at the Court Theatre. Bülow was general "intendant," and Mannstaedt the conductor. The great pianist thought a great deal of him, and Mannstaedt was one of the few musicians who "hit it off" with the eccentric Hans. After some years the Royal Theatre of Wiesbaden had Herr Mannstaedt as its Hof Kapellmeister. Here he brought out many new operas, and did much to popularize Wagner's works, at the same time leading a busy life as teacher and pianist. In October, 1893, he came to Berlin to accept his present post, and immediately took a high place in the opinions of the musical people and critics. Although Richard Strauss and Klindworth occasionally take the reins for some special concerts, yet to Mannstaedt is due, as I have said before, the high standard of excellence at present attained by the orchestra.

G. H. FAIRCLOUGH.

## Musical life in Berlin.

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May 15.

WITH May 1 the Berlin concert season practically comes to an end, but I have still to report some concerts which took place in the latter part of April.

On the evening of April 22, Bach's High Mass in B minor was splendidly given in the Garrison Kirch by the Philharmonic Chorus, Siegfried Ochs director. The Philharmonic Orchestra (augmented) was employed for the occasion, and Dr. Reisan sat at the organ. The vocalists were the Fräuleins Plüddeman and Stephan, and the Herrn Dierich and Sisterman.

The mass was really splendidly given, and it would be only for the hypercritical to find fault with a performance which was as nearly perfect as it is possible for any to be in which so many artists, musicians, and singers are engaged. The Philharmonic Chorus has, under Siegfried Ochs, reached a very high state of excellence, as its rendition of the mass proved, bringing out the fugal and contrapuntal passages with a clearness seldom heard in such works.

Up to this season Robert Haussmann, the 'cellist of the Joachim Quartette, has very rarely appeared as soloist, but this year he has let himself be heard several times. On Wednesday, April 24, he played in one of the Philharmonic Popular Concerts. I will give the whole programme as a sample of what is to be had two nights a week (Tuesdays and Wednesdays) for sixty pfennige:—1. Overture, "Der Was-serträger" (Cherubini); 2. Concerto A minor, Op. 129, for 'cello and orchestra (R. Schumann); 3. "Vorspiel Lorely" (M. Bruch); 4. Concerto, "Ddnagor," 'cello. with orchestra (first time) (Leo Schratzenholz); 5. Overture, "Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt" (F. Mendelssohn); 6. Overture, "King Stephen" (Beethoven); 7. Adagio für violoncello (Bargiel); 8. "Akademische Fest" Overture (Brahms).

The Schumann concerto was played wonderfully; but, although the grandest and most musical of all concertos written for the 'cello, it is necessary to hear it several times in order to thoroughly appreciate it; consequently it was not well received.

The Bargiel Adagio he played perfectly, and was repeatedly recalled by the delighted audience. I believe Haussmann to be unsurpassed in pieces of this nature on account of his noble tone and beautiful expression.

Frau Amalie Joachim's farewell concert, which was advertised for April 21, did not come off until April 28, one week later, on account of the illness of the singer. Frau Joachim has given many "farewell concerts," but she declares this one to have really been her last, although she may possibly "assist" other artists. Of all the singing I have heard, hers struck me as being the most perfect from an artistic or expressional point of view, and it does seem a pity that the means of giving her beautiful conceptions to the public should fail.

Thursday, May 2, Professors Barth (clavier), Wirth (violin), and Haussmann ('cello) gave the last one of their popular concerts in the Philharmonic, with the assistance of Professors Joachim and Kruse. This time it was really a popular concert, as by the time I arrived all the tickets were sold out; the programme, however, was as follows:—

Piano Quintette, F minor ...	Brahms.
" Quartette, G minor ...	Mozart.
" Quintette, E flat major ...	Schumann.

The first performance of Dr. Rienzi's music-drama, *Der Evangeliman*, took place in the Royal Opera House, after much preparation, on May 4. The Berlin critics speak very highly of the work, and we have had other performances since.

Frau Marcella Sembrich has been singing in Italian and light opera with great success the last two weeks in the Royal Opera House.

C. W. R.

## Art, New and Old.

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The heir of the "Grosvenors."

THE "New Gallery" inherits that vogue and public esteem and set of shilling visitors, once the possession of the "Grosvenor." If it is not quite so "precious" in its quality of paintings, at least one may say without fear of denial that it has an air, an aspect, that distinguish it from every other exhibition, quite as forcibly, if not finely, as the air and aspect of its late mother held it apart from its rivals. Burne-Jones and

Holman Hunt still keep these walls reminiscent of days big with hope and expectation for English art, when "The Days of Creation" and the "Pot of paint" hung in the public's face by a "coxcomb" figured beside each other, and paled the fame of the R.A. by the sparkles of anger and enthusiasm that played around them. Watts, though represented, has not now the beauty and strength of those days when "Love and Death" took the best of the English captive with its noble emotion and well-adapted technique. Some present exhibitors were not artistically weaned when the "Grosvenor" was in its heyday of popularity. Yet they carry on the traditions of freedom that first found the support of official backing when Sir Coutts Lindsay gave royal house-room to pictures that it had been long a fashion to depreciate.

The only remarkable addition to the painters who have given the New Gallery its character, since its rise in 1887, is Mr. Clausen. I well remember that gentleman reading a scheme of a new exhibiting organization that was to somewhat resemble the French Salon. Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Fred Brown, and a good many others, who were some time known as the "New English Art" set, were in that enterprise. The "New English" is leading a somnolent existence just now. It seems doubtful whether its fine rebellion against commercialism will end in lingering dissolution or not, but Mr. Clausen will no more stand with its remaining members in open war against the Old Lady of Burlington House. She has taken him to her frowsy bosom with the title of A.R.A. A shrewd and thrifty old dame she is. At one caress she has robbed a rival of a leader, and that leader of any chance of self-assertion! But to our pictures. Worth remembering is the strange "City by the Golden River," by Mr. Charles Hemy, who, for the nonce, casts aside that sea-soaked boat, with its reflection of emerald flame, which we all associate with him and Mr. Hook; he gives us instead a sheet of salt harbourage, above which rises unfamiliar, but very credible, a brown and grey city. Mr. Wyllie's "Summer" is summer-like, and resembles quite a family of themes he has presented us with during the last few years.

Edward Stott's "Noonday" is not what one would have looked for from the painter. Leslie Thomson's "Through the Blue" is not only a beautifully schemed picture, but shows a subtle apprehension of certain aspects in nature, such as the curiously sad light or half-light on worn and briny seats and gear of the boat, shown to us as she heels under the breeze. The expression of this effect, an effect hardly describable in words, is so true that it can hardly be by accident. Only those who know how a certain gravity, nay solemnity of suggestion, comes like a sea change over homeliest seafaring things, while all around is dazzling and coloury, may recognise it. Hamilton Macallum's "Jan van der Plass Shrimper" is fine work, depending for its beauty on low but truthful colour—low, that is, compared with his customary blue and golden seas and brightly dressed figures. It is refreshing to find a painter working like Mr. Orrock in "Stake Nets, Holy Isle," in the same spirit of keen pleasure in nature as did David Cox and Dewint, yet without any mere imitation of them. Sir E. Burne-Jones has an early design for the "Sleeping Beauty," which, being free from any attempt at realistic colour, is much more of a harmony than was the finished picture. Sir Edward's attempt to give the flush of sleep on the Beauty's cheeks in the latter canvas was weak and rather false. But in the earlier work the monochromatic manner gives at least a freedom from mistakes in colour. James Maris



can sometimes make a Dutch town look quite interesting while sticking to a system by which the pearl and fire and sapphire of natural colour are stained brown. But his Dutch town here is too evidently under the influence of the "brown demon." The sky shows skill, but the water is neither running river nor stagnant liquid. It is clay, in spite of touches that symbolize reflections among it. "Evening Mists, near Abbeville," by Mr. Padgett, and "An Avenue in the Marshes," by Adrian Stokes, indicate a very desirable tendency to use such suggestions as may be got from earlier landscape designers like Hobbema. The "Avenue" in the National Gallery and even the similar study of trees by Constable, at present in South Kensington Museum, are gratefully recalled by those who admire as I do these quite modern variations of their dignified and beautiful arrangement of lines and masses. I hope this frank acceptance of help and perfectly original development from older ideas may increasingly replace the brainless emulation of mere photographic effect which nauseates one on a survey of some of our more popular art shows. There is much good painting in the New Gallery. Real skill is evident in almost every picture, some few of the smaller works in the balcony have both thought and technical power, but the balcony is not too well lighted, and delicacy is apt to be lost sight of there. The miniatures suffer from the same lack of light; among some average specimens of that class a portrait of Miss Winifrid Emery, by W. Graham Simpson, suggests the wish that more of that kind of thing were attempted. The photographic rigidity of most modern miniatures should be replaced by more fancy and freedom and attention to the really valuable art traditions. Hide-bound tradition is bad, but the photographic tradition—!

**The Ldne Stephens Sale.** The sale of art objects at Christie's has been remarkable, as well for the high quality of those objects as for the prices realised. Among the old masters represented, almost every one appeared in a force and style of excellence of which no idea can be gained by what appear in the public galleries. It is to be feared that much of the finishing touches—that "il poco piu" which M. Angelo valued as the absolutely necessary quality in art—is disturbed or recklessly removed from many great works in the hands of our gallery directors. Those who remember what a change came over the priceless Correggios of the National Gallery some thirty years ago will know how well grounded my remarks are. At this Ldne Stephens sale however, most of the pictures seemed to have retained every faintest touch and tint, and this, considering that they must have been through some cleaner's hands, is very creditable to somebody's judgment. A splendid work by Pynacker reminded one of Constable's way of looking at landscape composition and nature, though Pynacker's perfect craftsmanship is a complete contrast to the fine blundering by which Constable managed to tell of nature's beauty and mystery. There were some garden scenes by Pater, remarkable for their evidence of painter's knowledge. The hurry of execution had been so great, that the concealment of art had been greatly neglected. A man's head showed how forceful as well as delicate Greuze could be when he chose. Backhuysen and William Vanderelde both were seen in the unusual characters of painters of sea storms. Examples in our public galleries give little idea of the natural energy and truth that characterise these specimens. The ordinary dealer's Backhuysen is but a libel on the man, and even our National Gallery specimen must be an early or careless

work by him. The works by Velasquez were puzzling. They are well painted, but only look partly Velasquez. The furniture evidently took the breath away of some who viewed it. Gentlemen who had spent some two or three thousand pounds on a little collection saw by instinct as well as knowledge that this array of beautiful designs and exquisite workmanship would be sure to bring on stirring competition at the sales. So it did. And modern craftsmen in art of every kind may be sure that another enormous sum has been sucked down into pockets that will never yield it up again in payment of artists. 'Tis said it goes to ecclesiastical uses. By the way, the fortune this collection represents was got by its late owner in the manufacture of eye-dolls, i.e. dolls with moving eyes, a manufacture of no recent date if travellers' tales be true.

**The Suffolk Street Melange.** The Royal British carry on their business with a very praiseworthy shrewdness and breadth of view. Their brilliant departure under the Whistler régime, though it never ceased to be successful as a social movement, is said to have been rather depressing financially. Mr. Whistler's tactics were based on courageous "despising the expense," and getting hold of the wealthy public. Unfortunately antique lack of foresight or modern temper, the former the peculiarity of the earlier members, the latter of the Whistlerites, produced eruptions, and collapse of the scheme before the golden public had been quite caught. The blaze and *furor* died out, but a glow remained in the persons of a few impressionists who are still treated friendly by the R.B.A. "City pictures" hang alongside of more modern and startling works, and the mixture is far from unpleasing. There is an increasing number of people who can retain their love for Peel or Hemsley, while quite understanding and delighting in the like of Olsson. Hemsley must be octogenarian, and yet his picture by the mantelpiece, "Come, Jack"—children coaxing a daw to draw near—is fresher and more crisply painted than would be thought credible unless one saw it. And James Peel's foliage of tree or herbage carries the sunlight in its depths as translucently as it did twenty years ago, and that is saying much. I hope the dealers who used to be the mainstay of the R.B.A. in the pre-Royal days will take a leaf out of its book, and put pictures before their clients, not in narrowly selected classes, but with the same breadth of choice as the Society's walls exhibit.

**John Brett, A.R.A.** Brett is flying in the face of Old Crome, and great, patient, painstaking Constable. The latter he is down upon for lack of industry! Fancy the man who drew the myriads of gleaming lights that are so well fitted to their effect, in such pictures as the "Leaping Horse," and "Salisbury from the Plains," being accused of indolence and impatience! If Mr. Brett—a particularly diligent man himself—dares "go for" a careful painter like Constable, then it is just possible he may use the *Fortnightly Review* to flap New English Art weaklings aside in the very wantonness of strength. It is true there is no encouragement to trust that Mr. Brett will spare a painter or a school no matter what their course. If they will model themselves on John F. Lewis, who painted "A Halt in the Desert," well; if not, then let them look to a very fiery judgment from this A.R.A. One thing may be said in praise of Mr. Brett, now exercising, as is fit, his right of criticism: he knows where *he* is. Whether he is equally certain of other people's whereabouts, is open to doubt. His eyesight must always have been very keen, and his power of concentration on the countless details of natural scenes very great. Where ordinary human sight at the

most can only take delight in the leaves that make up masses of foliage, that of Mr. Brett is only satisfied by an exact estimate of the veins of each visible leaf. William Hunt would depict the texture of an orange or a butterfly's wing; but the painter of "Val d'Aosta" will have the chiaroscuro of each separate pit and granule in the one, and the feathers that make up the down of the other. One would not have all this fanaticism in craftsmanship otherwise. It is out of these blunt, contradicting sentiments that the world gets much of its fun—and not seldom, its progress! By the bye, I forget to refer to Mr. Wilson Steer's portrait, in the New English Art Club, of Mr. David Croal Thomson. Some people have thought it possessed a good deal of the caricature in its presentation of the gentleman's face. On the contrary, it is a remarkably faithful portrait; and whatever Mr. Brett's judgment might be on the vagueness which hang around it, he ought to recognise a kindred spirit apparent in its uncompromising fidelity to the original: it has just that strange exactitude of resemblance one meets in some of those amorphous, wave-worn boulders that lie, hard, rude, and obstructive, on some of the otherwise bare beaches Mr. Brett delights to paint. There is evidently one spirit akin to the last, but one of the pre-Raphaelites among the gentlemen and ladies who speak with a broken French accent.

I had something to say of the Royal Academy, and especially of one of its members, T. Sidney Cooper, who is ninety years old, and still exhibits; but this and a portrait of him must be presented next month.

AT Samos, in excavating a necropolis of archaic times, a large number of decorated vases has been found, of some particular importance for the history of art.

AT Athens, with the fragments recently discovered on the Acropolis, the German School has been able to put together a portion of the pediment of the Pisistratean Parthenon and some of the frieze of the Erechtheion.

THE excavations in the amphitheatre at Avenches, in Canton Vaud, which have been carried on by the historical society, "Pro Aventico" for some years past, have been started again this spring. Among recent "finds" reported in the Swiss press a bronze statuette of Jupiter is named.

THE *Dresdener Journal* states that the King of Saxony has given his approval to the nomination of the following painters as members of the Saxon Academy of Fine Arts: Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Prof. Uhde, of Munich, Dr. Böcklin, of Zurich and Florence, and Puvis de Chavannes.

On the 3rd ult. M. J. A. Eugene Bellange, the well-known battle painter, died in Paris, aged fifty-five years. He was a pupil of Hippolyte Bellange, and painted many incidents of the combats of Solferino and Magenta, and of the camp at Châlons as it existed under the Second Empire.

THE Burlington Fine-Arts Club has formed at its house in Savile Row, a new and highly interesting exhibition of relics, illustrating the art of ancient Egypt, which until July 6th, will be open to all persons provided with members' tickets from 10 till 5 on weekdays, and from 2 till 7 on Sundays.

A VOLUME on Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A., illustrated with over one hundred photogravure and other reproductions, will be issued in the autumn by Messrs. Bell & Sons. The biographical portion has been prepared by Mr. Ernest Rhys, and will be preceded by a critical introduction by Mr. F. G. Stephens.

It was not owing to lack of money that the Trustees of the National Gallery were lately induced to take up and sell by auction the paving stones between the façade and the railings of the building in Trafalgar Square; they have done so in order to plant the space with shrubs and possibly flowers. The improvement promises to be great.

## The Hampstead Conservatoire of Music.

**M**R. GEORGE F. GEAUSSENT was long known as an eminent and successful teacher of music in London, and performances in connection with his choir, which met in St. James's Hall, brought him very frequently before the general public. He is a man of great energy, ambition and resource. In 1885 he opened the Hampstead Conservatoire of Music with ninety pupils—not in the present building, but a much smaller one. At the beginning of the second term the number of pupils was doubled, and continued to increase with such surprising rapidity that Mr. Geaussen was compelled to take two houses, in addition to the one he had started in, to accommodate pupils and professors. In 1888, three years after he had opened, he commenced to build a house—or rather, an institution; house does not adequately describe the present building—that would provide room for the work of his Conservatoire, and also afford all the conveniences that could not, of course, be found in a building not originally intended for a music-school. Mr. Roland Plümbe was the architect, and though Mr. Geaussen's determination to have every detail perfect retarded matters somewhat, the present Conservatoire was ready to be opened in January, 1891. As an example of Mr. Geaussen's exactness, it may be mentioned that he had the roof of the great concert hall altered four times before it satisfied him. The building is in two sections; a small part, that which has the bay-windows to the right of the illustration given here, is the Principal's residence; but the remaining portion—shown by the words "The Hampstead Conservatoire"—including, of course, the bay-windows to the left, is the Conservatoire. The basement, ground floor and two upper-floors are used for teaching purposes, and as on each floor there are five rooms or more, it may be seen that a large amount of teaching can go on at any one time. Arrangements are made so that when pupils overflow the Conservatoire, the portion of the building now used as a private house may be added.

A year or two since Mr. Geaussen took into partnership Mr. S. A. Blackwood, son of the late Sir Arthur Blackwood, and this gentleman is now "Bursar" of the Conservatoire. The present writer long wondered what on earth a bursar might be, and on paying a recent visit to the Conservatoire Mr. Blackwood himself threw light on the subject. His duties, generally speaking, are to look after the business side of the school, the keeping of registers and accounts, and so on, while Mr. Geaussen devotes himself nearly entirely to artistic matters. Of course the two provinces overlap to an extent, but they are kept as clearly defined as may be. Mr. Blackwood showed the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* representative over the school on the recent visit mentioned. The basement rooms are all used for teaching purposes. There are fifteen of them, each charged with a "grand" or "cottage," and each as comfortable and artistically got up as the most "cultured" pupil or professor could desire. A wide staircase leads up to the lobby of the ground-floor. At the back, facing the entrance, is the doorway to the concert hall. This holds exactly 1,000 people, including chorus and orchestra. It would be

ridiculous to say that if two or three individuals of the thousand were abnormally thin one more could not be squeezed in; but a thousand is the number that can be comfortably accommodated. The hall is a handsome one, the organ the largest in any school in England. It has four manuals and (of course) pedal organ; the latter contains five stops—open diapason, violone, bourdon and ophicleide, all 16 feet, and an 8 foot octave. The choir has six stops; the great, twelve; the 'swell, fifteen; the solo, five. Then there are all the couplers, composition pedals, pneumatic pistons and "accessories" one expects to find on a first-rate Willis, for a Willis it is, and a first-rate one—one of his best. Some of the softer stops are charming in quality, and the power of the whole instrument overwhelms one. It may be noted that Mr. Geaussen arranges recitals by eminent players at times; amongst a large number who have played there may be mentioned Guilman, Dr. Peace and Widor. The hall is used for such recitals as these, for students' concerts, and concerts by "eminent" people (to which latter the students of the Conservatoire are admitted at half-price), and is also let to private people who wish to make or lose money by giving concerts, "on their own hook," as says the vulgar.

That Mr. Geaussen desires the institution to be a most valuable means for the dissemination of what is sound and good in music, is shown by the concerts which have from time to time been given in connection with the Conservatoire. Great choral works, including Berlioz's *Faust*, *The Golden Legend*, Stanford's *Eden*, *The Redemption*, and a host of others have been performed upon the most complete scale. Orchestral concerts, chamber concerts, and recitals have also been given. To give a list of the artists would be to give the name of nearly every musician of the first rank in the country, but we may mention the following: Nordica, Macintyre, Palliser, Wilson, Mackenzie, Lloyd, Davies, McKay, Henschel, Mills, Sarasate, Paderewski, Sir Charles and Lady Hallé, Borwick, Pachmann, Sauret, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. Cowen, Dr. Parry, Professor Stanford, Dr. Bridge, and Professor Prout. The choir, as might be expected, is excellent, and the orchestra included all the best known orchestral players in London. Once you are back in the lobby you find on one side of the main entrance the library and principal's room. The library is in course of formation, and is less extensive than it will be ten years hence. Opposite that is the secretary's office, where Mr. J. Robertson Webb gives pleasant counsel and terms, examinations, and so forth, to all that ask. On the first floor Mr. Blackwood may be found in his little den. It is stocked with photos, engravings, and all the et ceteras necessary to make an overworked and worried bursar's life pleasant—for Mr. Blackwood's post is no sinecure. Opposite his room is the lecture-room, which will hold, one may guess, 130 people; and the rest of the rooms on this floor are used for teaching. Further upstairs ladies and gentlemen study art with unflagging industry. On certain days in the week one or another of the rooms is given up to one sex, and in sacred stillness the nude is studied. Woe then to the hapless individual belonging to the sex not in possession should he inadvertently wander on to the forbidden ground! No mysteries of that sort were going forward when Mr. Blackwood "trotted round" the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* representative: merely a number of young ladies painting the portrait of another young lady, who stands with great patience the while. The art rooms are beautifully lit, and the surroundings, one imagines, must turn the most inartistic pupils into so many Raphaels

and Botticellis. Higher than the art-rooms Mr. Blackwood did not lead, so the mysteries of the garrets must remain mysteries for aye, unless readers of this magazine care to inquire for themselves.

The teaching work of the Conservatoire is elaborately organized. Every pupil who enters has to begin at one grade or another (varying according to the teaching he or she has already received) of the "Technical Curriculum," as set forth in a little book put into every student's hands, and work through to the end. They are examined at the end of every term by the Board of Examiners—Messrs. Geaussen (*ex-officio*), Oscar Beringer, Bridge, F. H. Cowen, Ebenezer Prout, William Shakespeare, and Emile Sauret; and if found proficient they pass from one grade to the next highest. Mr. Blackwood, by the way, enters the examiners' opinion on each student into a monster book which he keeps handy, and which records exactly how each student progresses from term to term. Technical matters include a good deal of theory which Mr. Geaussen considers essential. But not the technical side alone receives attention. As showing the excellence of the work and the standard aimed at, we will give one illustration. The following scheme of education is set forth for Professional Pianoforte Students: (a) harmony in six parts; (b) counterpoint in four parts; (c) fugue in four parts; (d) instrumentation; (e) form in music; (f) musical history; (g) reading from vocal score (four clefs); (h) accompanying; (i) reading at sight; (j) ensemble playing; (k) transposing.

The above represents the student's general musical education, but in addition he has to give a recital before the Examining Board, and here comes the real rub. Here is the list of works required from the pianists, and a pretty stiff one it is!

BACH, J. S. :—

Two Preludes and Fugues (from the 48).  
The Chromatic Fantasia.

BEETHOVEN :—

Sonata appassionata, op. 57.  
Sonata, "L'Adieu, L'Absence, et Le Retour."  
Sonata in B flat, op. 106.

BENNETT :—

Sonata, "The Maid of Orleans."

CHOPIN :—

Any six pianoforte studies.  
Sonata in B minor.  
Grande Polonaise précédée par Adante spianato, op. 22; Scherzo B flat minor; Nocturne in G major.

MEYERHOFER :—

Prelude and Fugue in E minor, op. 35.  
Serenade and Allegro giocoso, op. 43.  
Seventeen Variations Sérieuses, op. 54.

SCHUBERT :—

Sonata in A major, op. 164.

SCHUMANN :—

Douze Etudes Symphoniques, op. 13.  
The Carnival, op. 9.

WEBER :—

Sonata No. 4, in E minor, op. 70.  
And one Solo by each of the following composers: Brahms, Henselt, Heller, Hiller, Liszt, Mozart, A. Rubinstein, Scarlatti.

In these days when certificates abound and magic letters and titles are "handed round," it is refreshing to come upon a diploma which means something, a diploma which, being signed by the examiners, must be of real service to its happy possessor, and which proves that—in the words of the directors—the student "has received a thoroughly sound, broad, and liberal education in the art."

It may be mentioned that every one of these subjects can be studied with one or other of the long list of eminent professors. Thus Madame



Costa, Principal of the Sutton Conservatoire, takes sight-reading classes, where the students play duets, or the same pieces simultaneously on two pianos, the object being to acquire the power of playing at first sight, without stumbling and with fair accuracy, pieces of various degrees of complexity. Then musical history, form and so forth, may be studied at the lectures given by Mr. Cecil Sharp, to which students are admitted free.

Both Mr. Gaussent and Mr. Blackwood are keenly anxious to build up a musical life in the Conservatoire, similar to that which may be found in such towns as Leipzig. With that object in view, under the name of "The Students' Society," has been started a kind of Mutual Improvement Society where different matters are discussed, pieces played, songs sung and so forth. Then there is the orchestral class, conducted by Mr. Gaussent, which flourishes famously in spite of the difficulty of getting wind instruments sufficiently taken up; the Hampstead Conservatoire Choir, which promises well; the ensemble class; and so forth. Doubtless these schemes will bear fruit in the fullness of time. The real difficulty in the way is the size of London which prevents the students meeting often and working up a heat of enthusiasm by friction with each other. It only remains to be said that Mr. Gaussent has commenced a Free Scholarship Fund, to which go all the proceeds of students' concerts, etc., and of which the Earl of Kintore, Sir John Stainer, and Mr. Arthur Spencer Wells are trustees.

## How to Play Mozart's Sonatas.

(Continued from page 99.)

—:o:—

THIS month we will consider only the once "celebrated Rondeau en Polonaise"—now, alas, no longer celebrated—as I wish to have my whole space clear to treat the final variations with care in detail next month.

The opening phrase should be mastered at once, as the same phrasing, accentuation and expression are followed in each of its many repetitions, with one curious exception. It must be played thus:—



I have divided it into two parts by means of a dotted line. The first part must be forcible and full in tone, and the second chord played a little louder than the first one, so as to suggest a *crescendo* on the opening minim. After that a slight *diminuendo* may be made, but not on any account so much as to take away the contrast of the phrase after the dotted line. In fact, the first phrase begins and ends *forte*: you get a little louder in the middle, and then at the end go back to the original degree of tone. But the next phrase, though the tone must be round and full, so as to suggest clarinets, is to be played very softly indeed; and between the first and the second phrases the hand should be momentarily lifted, so as to make more marked the effects of two groups of instruments, one answering the other. One imagines the first phrase given to the strings;

the second, as I have suggested, to the soft, rich tones of the clarinets. The next two bars are played in analogous fashion, the only difference being that in the third bar, instead of a *cres.* and *dim.*, as in the first bar, it is best to make a *cres.* right on to D, thus—



then, after lifting the hands a moment, the soft phrase follows as before. In the fifth bar we meet another difficulty of expression,—



as a *cres.* is marked on the E. Obviously no such thing can be done on the piano. But it is easy enough to get precisely the same effect. Strike the E cleanly and forcibly so that it sings out well, but not too loud; then (on the second beat) fetch in the chord with the left hand much louder, and (on the second half of the second beat) the F# in the treble very much louder again; and if you have never tried the effect before, you will be surprised to find the illusion complete, and you would swear that there was a *cres.* on that E. If, as should be done, you make a *dim.* in the following four demisemiquavers and take the quaver D's softly, the illusion will be stronger than ever.

We will go on to bar 17, where a stiff bit of phrasing presents itself. Disregarding the bass, which is easy, the melody must be accented thus:—



I have written out the shake in full with the "after-turn," but students with fingers of electric swiftness may elect, as they please, to do the shake twice before the after-turn. The main thing, however, is to get the three strong accents—the first, of course, the most powerful—into the second bar. The tone should be thin and dry, in contrast to the liquid fullness of what has gone before. At bar 21 the unusual accentuation of the bass should be noted. Until we come to bar 31 nothing will be found difficult; the main thing is to attend with the utmost care to every detail of expression. At bar 31 we have a repetition of the first theme with the *dynamic indications reversed*, and this demands the careful attention to prevent the thing becoming scrappy. Divide the phrase (imaginarily will do) with the dotted line as above, and make the break between the two portions, but don't make the contrast between the soft and the hard portions too marked; make the *forte* part answer the *pianissimo* part, not invade it with all the terrors of thunder and lightning, and all will be well.

As the movement is of no especial technical difficulty, and is for the most part made up of the repetitions of the parts I have dealt with, it is quite unnecessary to go through it bar by bar. The important points are, first, remember the polonaise rhythm; and second, never let the piano cease to sing. There is nothing in the execution that need be explained.

(To be continued.)

## How to Practise.

—:o:—

THE best way of singing the recitative that precedes this divine song is not to sing it all. The words are barbarous nonsense made more nonsensical by being taken away from their context; for "O, worse than death, indeed!" is the answer to a remark passed by some one in the preceding piece in the oratorio. Having learnt to sing the recitative, then, by omitting it, commence with the song. The best way of learning that is to go and listen to it sung by a first-rate singer: for, technically, the song is not at all hard, while, in the matter of expression, nothing could well be harder. However, let us glance at the technicalities first. Of course you will take a breath after the first "Angels"; then attack the high F as "thin" and clear as you can, and let the voice slide gradually into the fuller "thick" register as you descend. In bar 9 it is usual to breathe after "your"; but the effect is much more satisfactory if you draw a tiny breath for "Take," another rather fuller, but still tiny one for "O, take me," and a large one—big enough to enable you to hold out the right time on "care"—just before "to your care." In bar 13 you will breathe just before "Take, O take"; and in bar 15, after carrying the voice down from the high F to the A—but avoiding an exaggeration of the portamento—breathe once again for "to your care." The next section—it is only four bars long—must be sung absolutely legato, with breaths taken in every case after "flight" and "white."

In the matter of expression, the first thing is to avoid being too, too dramatic in dealing with the word "Angels." "Angels, ever bright and fair," is a prayer; but I have heard more than one lady request the angels to take her to their care with vehemence and rudeness enough to suggest that she was a bad-mannered person telling the servant to put coals on the fire. Commence the word very thin and very soft, make a *crescendo*, then a *diminuendo*, and drop upon the F with the second syllable of the word, with a "dying fall," and hold it very gently for a moment before taking the breath, for the next phrase. Then, as I have said, make a *crescendo* in descending, on the words "ever bright," etc., until you reach the word "and," where you begin a *diminuendo*:—



Then again, "Take, O take me," must be sung thus:—

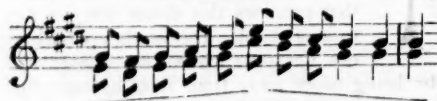


There will be a slight—very slight—*crescendo* on the semibreve C; but try to get the effect by the quality of your tone, only using the parish choir effect to help that.

"WHO WILL COME WITH ME?"

My young readers have here a chance of getting to know the old-world spirit in music. This little part-song is simply a gavotte—a kind of dance tune—of Gluck's. It is as gay and fresh as if it had been written yesterday, but yet there is something sad and old-fashioned about it. As it is a dance, you must sing it with a dance rhythm. The first beat in every bar gets the strongest accent, and the third beat an accent nearly as strong. The voices must

be very evenly balanced; that is, the second part must not be louder than the first, nor *vice versa*. Put a little expression into it, but do not exaggerate, or you will lose the feeling that it is a dance. Get the *crescendo*, the gradually swelling louder, and the *diminuendo*, the gradually dying away, in the first two bars:—



The E for the trebles, and C# for the altos, are the loudest part of the phrase. Then sing the first part of the third line this way:—



#### "SUNNY MORNING."

There is really very little to tell you about this piece. Get the accents firm, look after the *sforzandos* (marked *sf*), and remember that the notes marked thus—



—have to be held for nearly their full time, and then let go so as to make a tiny gap between each chord and the one that follows it. There is no smoothness, no *legato*; yet the notes must be held too long, and the gaps made too short, to make one think of a *staccato*.

In the third bar of the bottom stave a part commences marked "*Affabile*." There you must keep the bars quiet, for it is the accompaniment, while you make the duet in the treble sing agreeably, "*affably*."

I have written the whole accompaniment on the bass staff, but the upper notes must be taken with the right hand, as I have indicated. The difficulty is to keep them thin and level while you are putting all the expression you know how into the melody.

#### "THE MAIDEN AND THE BIRD."

Here you have one of the freshest and prettiest songs Spohr ever wrote: a song much more remunerative (artistically) to sing than the everlasting sugary "Rose, softly blooming."

It is a kind of minuet for the voice—or rather, a mixture of the minuet, the bolero, and the polonaise. Anyhow, the rhythmical element prevails, and the difficulty is to make it felt, and yet keep the character of the song. As to how this can be done, this is a matter about which few precise directions can be given. But if I mark the accents for the first three bars of the voice part, it will serve as a model for the rest of the song:—



Get your accents less by the sudden *sforzando* method than by swelling out the tone on the accented notes as I have indicated; and soften the accents by dwelling on this note, shortening the other, and so on, just as the expression seems to demand. But, in the matter of expression, remember that the melody will not bear to be taken too seriously; it is a dance

melody, and you must hit the happy medium between tragedy on the one hand and coquettishness on the other.

The obligato accompaniment is easy enough, so instead of giving exact directions for playing this bar and that, let me offer some general remarks on such accompanying. The principal thing is to go *with the singer*. Try to get "in step" with her, to grasp her conception of the melody, and feel intuitively what she will do with each phrase. Don't be afraid of playing too loud. Nothing is more exasperating than to hear a melody whimpering in the background. But, again, don't play too loud, for nothing is worse than to hear only the accompaniment and nothing of the song. Finally, try to adapt your tone to the singer's voice, without competing with it. That is the most difficult of all, and it is because so few can do it that good obligato players are scarce.

#### SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

There is very little to say about this Song without Words of Mendelssohn. It is a simple melody, unvarying in character throughout, and the accompaniment, too, is always the same. The piece, however, affords a capital study, first, in making the piano sing a melody; second, in dividing a figure between the right and left hands without any perceptible difference in the tone quality; third, in making the fingers independent. To begin with the last, the greatest pains must be taken to keep the melody full, rich, and sound in tone, while the accompaniment is kept thin and subdued, thus:—



## The Harmonium, and How to Play it.

—:o:—

#### II.

THE notion that any one who can play the pianoforte or organ can play the harmonium as well, although a common, is yet a very erroneous one. The general prejudice against the latter instrument is, no doubt, largely due to the wretched performances of those who have possessed themselves of this idea, and, without any special study or training, attempt to cope with difficulties, of the very existence of which they were sublimely ignorant.

Except in the construction of the keyboard, there is no resemblance whatever between the pianoforte and harmonium; while, so far as the organ is concerned, although the fingering is the same as that of the harmonium, the two instruments differ from each other in every other respect.

The treatment of the harmonium is unlike that of any other musical instrument; and although few take it up with the same earnestness of purpose with which they approach the study of the pianoforte or violin, there is no reason why this should be the case.

Let me try in this paper to set forth a few hints for the general management of the instrument, premising that the assistance of a com-

petent teacher, whenever obtainable, will be of great service to the student.

The chief difficulty to be encountered by the beginner upon the harmonium is in the management of the bellows. To obtain full command of the treadles, a proper position is absolutely necessary. The seat must neither be too low nor too high. If too low, the feet will rest flat upon the treadles, and the knees will seem to rise almost to the chin; if too high, the player has no power, and the supply of wind is unsteady and insufficient.

The chair should be of such a height that the feet are in a horizontal position, the upper part of the feet pressing the treadles. The heels must never be used for this purpose, but kept quite free.

In learning to blow, always keep the Expression in use. It seems almost incredible, but to my certain knowledge many players never allow pupils to use this stop, and others advise them to begin without it. This is a mistake. The difficulties of the Expression stop have to be overcome sooner or later, and a little perseverance is all that is necessary for the purpose.

As I said last month, the Expression is the life and soul of the harmonium, and without its use, the most careful playing can only be hopelessly and dismally monotonous.

Learn to blow with each foot separately, before attempting to use the two feet. With one note at first, and afterwards two, three, and four, held down, depress the treadle firmly and *steadily*, so that the sound shall be perfectly even throughout. Employ the different degrees of power, from *forte* to *piano*, a heavier pressure of the foot being necessary for the louder tone. *Crescendo* and *diminuendo* should follow, after which the feet should be used together, depressing one treadle while the other is rising, taking care that there is no break in the continuity of the sound. A good deal of practice will be necessary to acquire a perfect mastery of the treadles, and long-sustained notes should form the chief study.

In *staccato* passages, and such as call for strongly marked accentuation, recourse must be had to sharp, sudden impulses produced by both feet striking the treadles at one time, smartly and decisively. These and other fancy styles of blowing require much care, and can be best acquired by watching the action of an experienced player.

The management of the stops, the characteristics of which have already been described, although not a difficult matter, demands some little attention. Those spoken of as eight-foot stops will be found to be of the same pitch as the pianoforte. Four-foot stops are an octave higher, and sixteen-foot stops an octave lower. The two-foot stops will be an octave higher than the four-foot, and, of course, two octaves higher than the ordinary pianoforte pitch.

From this it will be clear that the eight-foot are the principal stops, as they produce the actual notes written. In using them in combination with four-foot and two-foot stops, the eight-foot tone must be always allowed to predominate. If sixteen-foot stops are used, even with those of the higher pitch, it is almost always necessary to play an octave above.

Some very fine effects are to be obtained by a dexterous and intelligent manipulation of the stops, but many of them require more explanation than would be possible in the limits of this paper. Many devices will, however, suggest themselves to the ingenious and observant player, and as he becomes more and more intimately acquainted with the various combinations at his command, he will not be slow to avail himself of them.



The fingering of the harmonium, like that of the organ, differs considerably from piano fingering, inasmuch as on a sustaining instrument the note ceases the instant the finger leaves the key, and the break is particularly noticeable. For this reason, although in scales, arpeggios, and other passages which lie under the hand, pianoforte fingering is applicable, in ordinary *legato* movements the system of changing fingers upon the keys without repeating the sound is largely used in playing the harmonium. The student must, therefore, take especial pains to acquire facility in this system; and the study of exercises, such as are to be found in every work upon the subject, will be most useful for this purpose.

Harmonium-players are liable to contract a weak, lifeless touch, which can only be guarded against by a plentiful amount of pianoforte study. On the other hand, the formation of a real *legato* touch is greatly assisted by a course of practice on the harmonium.

The harmonium has had until recently a very limited literature of its own, and players have been obliged to fall back upon music written for other instruments. Those who aimed higher than mere arrangements of hymn-tunes and so-called "voluntaries" have not been catered for, and the notion has grown stronger and stronger that the harmonium is only fitted for music of a sacred character. The late Chevalier Lemmens did much to remove this impression, and his magnificent recitals upon the Mustel organ brought the instrument into the repute it deserved. The result has been the production of much good music, so that now, instead of being limited to the compositions of a few second-rate English writers, the harmonium-player can draw for his repertoire upon the works of many eminent musicians of our own, the French, and the German schools. One composer, August Reinhard, in his excellent "Anthologie, 'am Harmonium," Op. 21, has included three cleverly written sonatas, in which all the characteristics of the harmonium are borne in mind, and the peculiar effects of which it is capable well provided for. Other excellent writers have followed suit, and there is good reason to hope that many composers will yet be found who will help to develop the individual characteristics of a long-under-rated instrument.

For orchestral purposes the harmonium is very valuable, and the arrangements by King Hall, Elliott, and others, of the accompaniments to many well-known oratorios and choral works for this instrument, in combination with the pianoforte, have given the harmonium a new importance.

WALTER BARNETT.

## A Russian Composer.\*

NOT a great Russian composer?—I cannot say that. Supremely interesting, a picturesque figure, amiable, even loveable, a mightily clever musician—one can agree to all about Borodin; and it is only when one is asked to thus accept him as a great inventive musical genius that the line has to be drawn. This book, just lately issued, is short, and largely taken up by a windy, most emphatically young-ladyish kind of preface—the sort of thing Mr. Fuller Maitland might

write in his clearer moments; but the quotations from Borodin's letters embodied in the life, and the letters about meetings with Liszt that are given after the life, do enable one to see with striking vividness the picture of a rare and sweet personality. Let me endeavour to give my readers a hint of that picture: a kind of lead-pencil sketch of it.

First, let me premise, music in Russia has long been in as parlous a state as it now is in England. Foreign composers have settled there, or natives have studied in foreign lands and returned with a quite astonishing foreign accent; but of a Russian school there has not, until the last few years, been any sign. Tchaikowsky and Rubinstein were both Germans in their music, though the former made a free use of Russian local-colour; and these composers are generally accepted as vaguely representative of Russian music. But if you speak to a young Russian musical student, he scorns them, and tells you with excited volubility of Glinka, Cui, Balakireff, and a dozen more. These (he insists) are the genuine musicians of the Russian people; the others are aliens. One can sympathise with the Russian student, for we in England here have been much affected this way. For many generations our English music was written by foreign composers, and not great ones like Tchaikowsky and Rubinstein (who was great in some things), but the merest mediocrities. In spite of his great name, Christian Bach was of that much abused species; and so was Benedict and many another who had his day. And our Englishmen too, when they learn to speak the language of music at all, learn the German language. We are much like the Russians, I say; but we have this advantage over them, that we do not desire to thrust our real English composers, our home-grown, home-bred mediocrities—Arne, Wesley, Parry (to name only three of different dates)—down the unwilling throat of Europe. We know they are mediocrities, and though we would rather have them than none, we are content that other nations should not share our admiration. Not so the Russians. When earlier in the century a Russian movement began, the enthusiasts came to the conclusion that they had already secured what the movement came into being to produce—some great native composers, some composers who would do for the Russian heart and the Russian brain what Beethoven and his predecessors and successors did for the German heart and the German brain. This was healthy, for, as Mr. Pinero said, there is nothing like an atmosphere of praise for encouraging an artist to pull out the best that is in him. It was also natural, for a number of well-meaning musicians, such as Liszt, exceeded even the praise given by the members of the Russian school to one another; and the Russians (unfortunately and erroneously) took Liszt literally, never dreaming that he, like Mr. Pinero, believed in "praise, praise, praise" for anything promising. Again, it was natural, because Russian music happened to create a craze in Belgium, and the enthusiasts mistook the language of the craze for the language of solid conviction.

As a result of the belief thus engendered, in their national music, far too much intemperate writing has been sent out into the world, and the result of that is, that when we get hold of Russian music our disappointment is at first unbounded. I cannot say that this book of Habet's will, directly, do much to give us a sane and proportionate idea of the Russian composer of whom it treats; but indirectly it will be helpful, for, as I have said, one receives a clear impression of the personality of the man, and realizes that the personality is not a

great one. And Borodin, be it remembered, is esteemed one of the greatest of his school. My excuse for this somewhat lengthy prologue is that I do not want my readers to be disappointed when they hear Russian music; and disappointed they would certainly be if I gave them the following quotations without first letting them know exactly where Russian music stands at present.

As I learn from this book, Borodin was born in St. Petersburg, in 1834; and soon after, I presume, he received the two Christian names which I have not patience to copy. Nor does it matter, for no western tongue could pronounce them. Now I can easily believe that Borodin was born in St. Petersburg, for I have been there, and can certify that human beings do inhabit that pestilential place, built as it is on piles over a morass. As you drive through the streets in the little open carriages that take the place of the English hansom, you might (an you were careless) think the city full of noble buildings. But go on foot, and take a short cut through some of the meaner streets, and you find that those magnificent fronts have nothing but wood and the commonest of brick behind them. Were a Nihilist to apply a light to St. Petersburg it would flare up like a box of matches. Sixty years ago the city was infinitely worse. Mud hovels were thrown against the finest wood houses, of paving there was none, the lamp-post and the lamplighter were alike unknown. (Now the main streets are lit by electric light.) This backwardness is typical of everything Russian, including Russian music. Russia is at least half a century behind the rest of Europe. To get upon the thread of my story again, I believe that Borodin was born in this *backward* place; what I cannot believe is the next statement in the book, that he was descended from King David. Of course, the proposition is put more delicately than this; but put it never so delicately, wrap it round with acres of frank depreciation, I could not believe it. And this little legend is characteristic of the whole volume. We are given preposterous absurdities, and left to accept them if we like—the author does not care. The author should care: he should care, at any rate, to keep such nonsense out of type. To pass by that point, Borodin's first passion—a passion which afterwards managed to exist side by side with his passion for music—was for science. He studied the two subjects together, science, however, at least until he came of age, absorbing most of his energy. He frequented musical meetings of the Russian enthusiasts, and after passing through a Mendelssohn fever, became interested in the possibilities of founding a real Russian school. But his musical feats were not at all astonishing. It is recorded, as quite an important matter, that when approaching the age of twenty he wrote a three-part fugue, and composed a scherzo for piano. In 1856 he became an army surgeon; two years later he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine; and after a period of travel, he was appointed Assistant lecturer in Chemistry at the Academy of Medicine in 1862. This year is very important, for then it was he came under the influence of Balakireff, who urged him to compose. The spur applied thus, had the effect of setting him to work upon his first symphony, that in E flat. Curiously enough this, his first large essay, took five years to achieve, and it was not produced until 1869.

Young Russia rose to the occasion: the symphony was an immediate success, although the critics condemned it. Borodin immediately took up an opera, but, tiring of that amusement, abandoned it and set to work upon some songs. In fact, he had already written some of his best

\* *Borodin and Liszt*, by Alfred Habet, translated by Rosa Newmarch. London: Digby, Long, & Co., 1895.

lyrics. But later the desire to compose an opera overcame him again, and he chose for the subject "The Epic of the Army of Prince Igor," and from this contrived the libretto, the work commonly known as *Prince Igor*. He never finished it; but after his death the score was completed by his friends Kimsky-Korsakoff and Glazormoff. The fact is that Borodin's double vocation resulted in neither chemistry nor music receiving the attention necessary to produce great work. And we must remember that he was an amateur. Chemistry was his livelihood; music had to await his leisure. Writing to a friend on this subject he said:—

You ask for news of Igor. When I speak of this work, I cannot help laughing at myself. It always reminds me of the magician Finer in 'Russlane,' who is burning with love for Naina, but forgets how time is flying, and cannot bring himself to decide his fate until both he and his betrothed have grown gray with age. I am like him in attempting to compass an heroic opera while time flies with the rapidity of an express train. Days, weeks, months, whole winters pass, without my being able to set to work seriously. It is not that I could not find a couple of hours a day; it is that I have not leisure of mind to withdraw myself from occupations and preoccupations which have nothing in common with music.

One needs time to concentrate oneself, to get into the right key, otherwise the creation of a sustained work is impossible. For this I have only a part of the summer at my disposal. In the winter, I can only compose when I am ill and have to give up my lectures and my laboratory.

So, my friends, reversing the usual custom, never say to me, "I hope you are well," but, "I hope you are ill." At Christmas I had influenza and could not go to the laboratory. I stayed at home and wrote the Thanksgiving Chorus in the last act of *Igor*.

While *Prince Igor* was dragging, Borodin was busy upon another symphony; and this was performed with success soon after it was completed. In the year 1877 he went abroad and made the acquaintance with Liszt and wrote these letters about the great pianist which will do more to keep his, Borodin's, memory green than any musical work that he himself achieved. His letters are full of charm. They are nearly all to his wife. In the first he describes how he went to Weimar to hunt up Liszt. Having found the house—

"Can I see the Herr Doctor?" I enquired, airing my German.

"Oh, yes! On the first floor."

Heaven be praised! I rushed to the stairs, when I found I had lost my card. I had not another. I went back to look for it, and even went through the gate. One of the ladies ran after me, holding out the card which I had dropped.

"Is this the card you are looking for?"

I thanked her, lifting my hat respectfully very high in the air, quite in German fashion, and went once more upstairs. I felt as though I were going to consult a doctor in his own house. Scarcely had I sent in my card when there arose before me, as though out of the ground, a tall figure with a long nose, a long black frock-coat, and long white hair.

"You have written a fine symphony," growled the tall figure in a resonant voice and in excellent French; and he stretched out a long hand and a long arm. "Welcome; I am delighted to see you. Only two days ago I played your symphony to the Grand Duke, who was charmed with it. The first movement is perfect. Your *andante* is a *chef d'œuvre*. The *scherzo* is in enchanting . . . and then this passage is so ingenious."

And then his long fingers began to peck (*picorer*)—to use a picturesque expression which Moussorsky made use of to describe the progression of distant intervals, *pizzicato*—in the *scherzo* and finale of my first symphony. He ran on incessantly; his strong hand caught my own and held me down to a sofa where there was nothing left for me to do but nod approval and lose myself in thanks."

He had a long interview with Liszt, and the next day saw him at a rehearsal in some church.

"The master is coming; the master is here!" The organizers of concert, in their black coats, hastened forward.

The great door was thrown open and displayed the dark and characteristic figure of Liszt in the dress of an Abbé. On his arm was the lady I had seen in his garden, and whom I could not take for a German.

I was not mistaken. She was the Baroness Meyendorff, daughter of Gortschakoff, who had been, I believe, ambassador at Weimar. She is still young and very attractive in appearance, though far from being a beauty. A widow, she has made her home in Weimar, and Liszt lives in her house like one of the family. He was followed by a train of pupils, chiefly feminine; the masculine element was only represented by Rarembski, a highly-gifted Polish pianist. This galaxy made their inroad into church without any regard for the sanctity of the place, chattering in every language with a noise resembling a steam saw-mill. Every one took up their places on the benches. What element was lacking in this collection? Their were German, Dutch and Polish women, without counting our compatriot, Mdlle. Véra Timanoff.

At a distance he is very like Petroff, and possesses the same air of superiority and consciousness of being at home everywhere. He conducts with his hand, without a baton, quietly, with precision and certainty, and makes his remarks with great gentleness, calm and conciseness.

When it came to the numbers for pianoforte, he descended into the choir, and soon his grey head appeared behind the instrument. The powerful sustained tones of piano rolled like waves through the Gothic vaults of an old temple. It was divine! What sonority, power, fulness! What a *pianissimo*, what a *morendo*! We were transported. When it came to Chopin's "Funeral March" it was evident that the piece was not arranged. Liszt improvised at the piano while the organ and 'cello were played from written parts.

Borodin dined with Liszt, and tells many interesting stories of the celebrities of the place, and both the celebrities and Liszt flattered him immensely on account of his music. On the occasion of another visit he found Liszt busy with a pianoforte class.

I went in. A Dutch pianist was performing a piece by Tansig. Liszt was standing by the piano, surrounded by fifteen pupils.

"Ah! there you are," exclaimed the old master, giving me his hand; "but why did you not come yesterday? Gille assured me that you would not fail to appear. I was very much vexed. I would have shown you that I still have it in me to play Chopin's violoncello sonata."

He then introduced me to his pupils.

"They are all celebrated pianists," he said; "or if they are not yet, they will become such." The young folk all began to laugh. There were all those of both sexes whom I had seen at Jena.

"We have put off our lesson until to-day," said Liszt, "and do you know who is the cause? Little Mdlle. Véra. She does as she pleases with me. She wished the lesson to be to-day; there was nothing to be done but to put it off."

These words were received with a general burst of laughter.

"But now to work, gentlemen. II—, will you play?" etc.

The lesson went on. From time to time Liszt would interrupt his pupils, play himself, or make remarks, generally characterised by humour, wit and kindness, which drew a smile from the young students, and even from the one to whom the observation was addressed. He did not get ruffled, or lose his temper, and avoided everything that might hurt the feelings of pupil.

"Try to play it *à la Véra*," he said, when he wanted a pupil to try one of those tricks of fingering to which Mdlle. Véra was obliged to have recourse when her hands were too small to master a difficulty.

Occasionally, however, a malicious irony lurks in his remarks, especially when he speaks of the Leipzig School.

"Do not play like that," he said to a pupil; "one would think you came from Leipzig. There they would tell you that this passage is written in augmented sixths, and would imagine that was sufficient; but they would never show you how it ought to be played."

And again to a pupil who had just played one of Chopin's studies in a very colourless style:—

"At Leipzig that would be thought very pretty."

He spent the evening of that day with Liszt and other friends, and was evidently greatly flattered when the great pianist insisted on playing his (Borodin's) second symphony with him, as a duet. It is impossible, of course, not to say unfair to the translator of the book, to quote as freely as I should like from these interesting letters. To return to Borodin's history after he returned to Russia. This 'Life' leaves one very vague as to what Borodin was doing and where he was doing it in any particular year. However, it appears that he wrote his symphonic sketch called "In the Steppes of Central Asia" in 1880, and in the following year he apparently got back to Germany again, for there is in existence a fragment of letter written to César Cui in which he describes various incidents of his visit.

On the 28th May (9th of June) I arrived at Berlin from Magdeburg, at 10.50 in the morning. One of my travelling companions had advised me to stay at the Kaiserhof, as being the best hotel, and the nearest to the Church of St. John, where the first concert of the Festival was to take place; so I hired a porter to carry my bag, and started on foot with him. We had hardly left the station when he said to me:—

"There was a festival here yesterday!"

"What festival?"

"What! you don't know? We welcomed a celebrated guest, the old Abbé Liszt. You have not heard of it? There was quite a crowd—the whole town was at the station. When the old master arrived, he was received with as much enthusiasm as a king; the men waved their hats and the ladies their handkerchiefs, and even their skirts."

He called upon Liszt, of course, and was received as warmly as ever. After some talk Liszt had to share, and insisted on the talk being continued, while that operation was performed.

"Come in here; I am not going to act the coy damsel. You will kindly allow me to finish my toilet in your presence, Monsieur Borodin; it will not take long."

I went into his room; Liszt was seated in the armchair, the valet was tying a napkin under his chin, as one does to children lest they should soil their frocks. To the left of the door stood a little table, littered with music that had evidently been thrown off in a moment of inspiration. Involuntarily I bent over it, and saw a score, and beside it a transcription for pianoforte, both in Liszt's autograph, with blots, erasures, and cancelled passages.

"Do you know what that is?" said Liszt, without waiting for me to ask. "It will amuse you: I am writing a second 'Valse de Mephisto.' The desire came upon me suddenly; it is quite new. I am busy with the piano arrangement. If you care to see it, take the score. No, not that one," he exclaimed, "it is a bad copy; take this one."

And before I had time, the venerable, grey-headed master escaped from his armchair and the razor of the Montenegrin, his cheeks lathered with soap, and turned over the music until he found another score.

"Here! Look through this."

But this was impossible, for Liszt talked without intermission, asking me if I brought any manuscript with me, when my symphonies would be published, and if any new works of mine were being performed in Russia.

But in 1885 came his great triumph. "At this time the Countess Merey-Argenteau had



undertaken to popularise the works of the new Russian School, and at her initiative three concerts, exclusively devoted to this school, were given during the winter at Liège. These concerts, conducted by Mons. Th. Jadoul, were very successful, thanks to the judicious selection of works performed at them, and were the starting point of a movement of popularisation which has had lasting effects." In August of 1885 we find Borodin writing to his wife from Liège.

Here I live in clover. Belgium is altogether like Moscow, and the Belgians Muscovites. Here amiability and hospitality are overflowing; but this amiability has nothing conventional about it. It is "substantial" as Alexandra Andreïenna would say. Every one wants to ask you to dinner, or offers you drinks, and in these things the Belgians are true artists. The food and wine are of the first quality, not as in Germany. The amiability of the Belgians is especially agreeable, because they have a charming way of doing you a politeness with simplicity and heartiness. Germans, French and English often know how to be amiable beyond expression, but they are always careful to make you feel it. They always seem to say, "I am amiable to you, but you must feel obliged to me in return." The Belgian, on the contrary, tries to avoid every allusion to his superiority, and it is in this that he is pre-eminently our superior. Most Belgians are healthy, lively, alert, expansive, but not without reserve and tact. The Belgian ladies have, as a rule, a look of health, a pink and white complexion, and fair hair. Among the people, however, one sees very many pretty brunettes with large eyes and long black lashes. They are a relic of the Spanish element which has survived to this day. A sense of dignity and independence is highly developed in every class of society.

I am literally torn asunder and dragged from breakfasts to dinners and suppers, at which they never fail to give me Russian music, often my own, or that of Cui. It is generally performed respectably, often extremely well, and always conscientiously. I have several times heard my two symphonies and my "Steppe" played as duets, my songs and my "Petite poème d'amour d'une jeune fille": thus I have christened the seven little pieces intended for the Countess. This little poem is quite the rage.

Nearly all Borodin's works were performed, and this visit was the culmination of his artistic career. He returned to Russia, determined to do yet finer works. But it was not to be. He was still busy with another symphony, when, on February 14, 1887, he wrote to his wife.

To-morrow we have a musical party here: it will be very grand—"il y aura de la bougie," as Murger would say in his "Vie de Bohème." To-day we have engaged the pianist. There will be a masked ball, but I will not unveil the mysteries, and I leave the description of the entertainment to the more skilful pens of your other correspondents.

At this party Borodin fell dead.

It is only eight years since Borodin was buried in the Nevsky Monastery by the Neva. I cannot tell whether his music will last, or pass away like the once popular works of many another busy composer. But whether they pass away or stand, the letters from which I have quoted so many specimens will remain for long his delightful little pictures of the greatest pianist who has yet lived, and while they are read it will be impossible to forget that Borodin, whether he was great or not, was, at any rate, the man who "was lovely in his life."

It is stated that a dealer in autographs in Dresden has recently given the sum of £500 for the original core of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. Probably the manuscript of an opera never before changed hands at such a large figure.

Mr. DAVID BISPHAM proposes, if he receives sufficient promises of support, to give two classical vocal and instrumental recitals in St. James's Hall next winter, intended primarily for young people home for the Christmas holiday season.

## A Musical Conservatoire for Australia.

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At the moment of going to press I have received the prospectus of the above, some parts of which I give to my readers, without comment, for obvious reasons. The preface states that:

"The *Argus* lately summarised aptly and briefly the advantages accruing to the public from a State-recognised Conservatorium of Music in the following words:—'At a minimum cost students are enabled to obtain tuition from the best masters; the course of study is carefully systematised, and directly supervised by University authorities; the range of study is of much greater extent than is possible under ordinary circumstances; a centre of musical life is formed, round which gather both students of all the different branches of art, and mature artists, whose intercourse one with another cannot but have a most wholesome and stimulating effect on their work.'

"It is frequently the case that the most important years of a student's life are frittered away, not only by his working without proper system, but by his actually working in a wrong manner, and at wrong objects. In after years he finds himself outstripped by many who are his inferiors in capacity and talent, but who have been systematically trained under teachers versed in all the modern ideas and educational improvements. So that it not infrequently happens that at the age of twenty-five or more he finds that his time has been almost wasted, and he has to start again, on new methods, from the very beginning. One of the main objects of the University authorities in founding a Conservatorium of Music in Melbourne, was to form a guarantee to the public of a sound and thorough education, carried out under the most approved conditions.

"To such a perfection has musical education been carried in Europe, especially in Germany, that it is certain that before long the musician who has only a half-knowledge, or a merely one-sided knowledge of his art, will be unable to make a living, owing to the competition of others better instructed. A pianist must now-a-days know something more than how to press down the keys of the pianoforte, if he would succeed as a teacher or virtuoso. It is necessary for him to be acquainted with the theory of his art; to know something of harmony and counterpoint; of the construction of musical works; of the lives and characters of the great tone-poets; of the nature and functions of music. In all these subjects he will receive instruction at the Conservatorium. Then, again, opportunities are afforded the student of obtaining an insight into branches of art other than his own, inasmuch as he can take part in the performance of concerted music, and, moreover, hears the works that other students are studying, and becomes acquainted with much which otherwise he might never have come into contact with; a most valuable factor in a musician's education—more especially in this country, where the opportunities of hearing the noblest music are but few and far between.

"It is hoped that the Conservatorium will become a centre of artistic life, round which will gather those interested in music. This important feature, so prominent in Germany, is sadly lacking in Melbourne. In most of the great European cities artists form quite a little world of their own, and the artistic isolation which exists here to so great an extent, is unknown. The stimulus and encouragement derived from such congenial society it is impossible to over-estimate."

The director is, of course, Professor Marshall-Hall, and this is the staff:—

Singing ...	... { MADAME ELISE WIEDERMANN. PROFESSOR MARSHALL-HALL.
Pianoforte ...	... MR. W. A. LAVER (Frankfort Conservatorium).

Organ ...	... MR. ERNEST WOOD (Cathedral Organist)
Violin ...	... MR. FRANZ DIERICH (Formerly of the Richter Orchestra).
Violoncello ...	... HERR HATTENBACH (Leipzig Conservatorium).
Contra-Basso ...	... SIGNOR CESCHINA.
Flute ...	... MR. HERBERT STONEHAM.
Hautboy, Cor Anglais and Bassoon	... } MR. LÜTTICH.
Clarinets ...	... MR. LYONS.
Horn ...	... MR. KÜHR.
Trumpet ...	... MR. HARRY STONEHAM.
Trombone ...	... MR. SINNOTTE.
Harp ...	... MR. BARKER.
Theory ...	... PROFESSOR MARSHALL-HALL.
Elocution ...	... MR. T. SISLEY.

The Conservatoire will be open before this reaches our readers, viz., on February 28. The complete course of study includes:—

Chief Study, Second Study, Harmony and Counterpoint, Form and Analysis, History and Aesthetics of Music, Interpretation of Works, Choral Class, Orchestral Class, Ensemble Class.

Each student must select a chief study, that is to say, the study to which he intends to devote his chief attention. This may be composition, or singing, or the pianoforte, or organ, or violin, or violoncello, or any other instrument. He is then placed in a class numbering two, or at the most three, students (in the case of singing more are included in the class), and he shares with them lessons of two hours a week (i.e. generally two lessons of one hour each), thus receiving one hour's personal attention.

The student, in addition, receives instruction in a second study. He is supposed to take up an orchestral wind instrument as second study, unless he has already selected singing or an orchestral instrument for his chief study, in which case he may choose for himself. In this second study he will receive a lesson of an hour a week, in a class of three.

The fees are twenty-four guineas per annum and this amount covers everything. "A reduction is made to students taking a wind instrument as chief study. The fees for the full course are payable in three instalments of eight guineas, at the commencement of the first, second, and third terms."

Theoretical studies are arranged thus:—

Every student receives class instruction in harmony and counterpoint for at least one hour a week.

In the lectures given by the Ormond Professor on musical form and analysis, the construction and contents of different musical works are explained and analysed, and the essential differences in the styles of various composers demonstrated with their manner of rendering.

The lectures on history and aesthetics of music deal chiefly with the modern views of art, and the ideas of Richard Wagner are largely discussed.

In the classes to study interpretation of works students are expected to perform whatever works they are studying, the poetic import, manner of interpretation, phrasing, etc., of which are carefully criticised, corrected, and explained.

To return to practical matters again:—

Classes will from time to time be formed for the study of chamber music, instrumental duets, trios, quartets, etc.

A Choral Class will be organized for the study of Vocal music. Practices will be held once a week.

Students who have obtained a sufficient degree of proficiency on an orchestral instrument must attend the Orchestral Class, which is held once a week.

From time to time Students' Concerts will be held.

The students are not free of examinations:—

In every study there will be a system of graduated classes. When a student is reported as having mastered the work of the particular class to which he has been assigned, he will be examined by the director (or some one appointed by the director), and if the

result be satisfactory, passed on to a higher class, and so on, until he shall have completed the course.

There will be an annual examination, to test the progress of students.

At the end of each year students can, if they choose, enter for the University Examinations for the "diploma," or, if they have matriculated, the degree of Bachelor of Music.

On the payment of one guinea additional fee, a student who has attended the Conservatorium for at least four consecutive terms shall be entitled to receive a certificate stating:—

(a) The Lectures he has attended.

(b) The Examinations he has passed.

(c) The Practical Course of Study he has pursued.

Every year three Exhibitions of £20 per annum each are awarded to those candidates who have taken honours in the University Theoretic Examinations, and excelled in their respective chief studies. (For details see the *University Calendar*.)

A Scholarship of £150 is awarded every third year for excellence in composition.

Other arrangements are:—

The names of Students in each class, together with the name of the Teacher, the number of the room, and the date at which it is held, will be posted up on the notice board.

Every student will enter his name at each class he attends in the book provided for that purpose.

When the rooms and instruments of the Conservatorium are not in use for teaching purposes, students will be permitted to use them.

There will be Four Terms in the year: (a) The First Term will be of ten weeks' duration, commencing on the ninth Thursday in the year. (b) The Second Term will commence one week after the expiration of the First Term, and continue nine weeks. (c) The Third Term will commence one week after the expiration of the Second Term, and continue for ten weeks. (d) The Fourth Term will commence on the last Thursday in October, and continue for six and a half weeks.

Special Elementary Classes will be formed for beginners in all subjects.

Any one not otherwise connected with the Conservatorium may join any of the following classes by paying the appointed fee: (a) Harmony and Counter-point. (b) History and Aesthetics of Music; Form and Analysis. (c) Interpretation of Works. (d) Choral Class. (e) Orchestral Class. (f) Ensemble Class.

Finally, we may quote from *The (Melbourne) Herald* of December 27, 1894, Mr. Marshall-Hall's own notions of the scheme. The interviewer writes:—

A small room in a pretty cottage within sight of the sea; a room fragrant and clouded with tobacco smoke; a life-size bust of Beethoven in one corner, a large portrait of Wagner over the mantel-shelf, an open orchestral score upon a music stand; a library composed mainly of works of poetry and music—Keats, Byron, Homer, William Morris, Richard Wagner's prose works, Ibsen's plays, Goethe in German, catch the eye first, because they are handsome copies; and in the midst of all these, his gods, a tall man in pyjamas—although it is Sunday afternoon—who greets you with a hearty laugh, slings a leg over the back of his chair, and bids you smoke and be comfortable.

Is there any need to mention the name? Do not the et ceteras indicate the central figure? True, the public no not know the Ormond professor in pyjamas. To them he is a frock-coated gentleman with a bâton in his hand. But a man can't always wear a frock coat: even bishops and cabinet ministers are occasionally to be found in what the chambermaid called "dishybilly"; and on a hot, humid afternoon like this, pyjamas really do look very cool and pleasant.

"About this Conservatorium?"

"Oh, yes—well I'm ready to tell you anything I can about it. Got a match? (Pipe refilled from a case of Wills's navy cut before proceeding.) I hope to commence with it on February 28 (Puff—puff—puff). Nearly all the arrangements are now complete. Premises have been secured, teachers engaged, and a scheme of work mapped out."

"Was there not some little difficulty with the University Council about the financial responsibility for the Conservatorium?"

"The Council took up the position of declining to make itself responsible for any financial obligations we may incur, but I believe they were obliged to do that by the statutes of the University. In other respects the Council has been very good to us. Of course from my point of view, personally, the position as it stands is not quite satisfactory. If the Conservatorium is a failure, the loss will fall on me—it may involve me in £200 or so—but, on the other hand, I shall get no extra payment for all the work involved in conducting it, which I undertake voluntarily. Not that I trouble about that. I think it is a thing that ought to be done; and I care enough for music to wish to see it properly taught here. But I don't think it will prove a financial failure. Some friends of mine who have looked into the matter tell me it won't, though (this with a laugh) I have not reckoned it out for myself."

Professor Marshall-Hall is one of the very few in this community who do not profess to be financial experts. He does not understand bimetalism, and has no scheme of his own for establishing a State bank. He has a "note issue," but it is not recognised by the associated banks, and is not legal tender. Such an unpractical person!

"You know," continued Mr. Marshall-Hall, "I really do think that the Conservatorium will prove to be of very great advantage. I have always complained of the lack of artistic life in this city. There is nothing here like the cliques of artists and students interested in a certain art, such as you find in Paris or London. The Conservatorium will foster that kind of spirit. This artistic comradeship is of the utmost value in the training of the artistic temperament."

"But what about the system of tuition?"

"Well, speaking broadly, Conservatorium teaching involves both individual teaching and class teaching. If you go to an ordinary teacher, you will get your one lesson a week from him; at the Conservatorium you will get that, and, in addition, you will be bracketed with another student, and will be present while he receives his lesson. So, you see, you really get two lessons a week. Hearing another person's errors corrected enables you to correct your own. Then there will be the larger classes, graduated according to the degree of the student's proficiency. For instance, we will say that a student comes who is put in the lowest class, and—"

"But you don't mean to say that you are going to teach the five-finger exercise at the University Conservatorium?"

"Most certainly we are. (Pipe puffing like a locomotive.) That's where so many people make a mistake—thinking anybody can teach the five-finger exercise. There's nothing more difficult. As a rule, a pupil is slumped through the exercises so that he or she may go home and play tunes. The teacher wants to please by securing premature results, to convince parents that great progress is being made. The consequence is, that the whole of the rudimentary stages are badly taught. Oh, we shall be very glad to get students for the early stages. A good groundwork is everything in music. I have heard dozens of really talented pianists who have practised hard for years, and then have had to go back again to the beginning because the fingers were not properly developed."

"Well, now, to continue what you were saying about the graduated classes?"

"Oh, yes; where were we? Ah! well, you see, I shall be continually supervising the whole of the classes, and as soon as a student makes efficient progress in the lowest class, he or she will be moved up into the next one."

"Is this the far-famed Continental Conservatoire system?"

"It is, in outline; but I hope that we shall be better organized than the majority of the European conservatories are. We shall do systematically some things which the Continental Conservatories, as a rule, only do spasmodically. I shall be able to take a number of classes which they don't get as a rule, owing to the fact that I don't require to be paid out of the earnings of the Conservatorium. These classes will include regular instruction in musical history and

aesthetics, form, and analysis. In Europe these classes are not generally carried on systematically. Perhaps a man like von Bülow will come along and give a course of lectures occasionally. But we want to make them part of the regular curriculum."

"Have you got your teachers arranged for yet?"

"Yes, for the most part. We start with a small staff, but as the thing grows we shall increase. I am delighted that Madame Weidemann has consented to teach singing to the female students. It is largely because of private friendship that she has consented to undertake the work. She was a pupil of Madame Marchesi, and has a real talent for teaching. A good teacher of singing, you know, is one of the rarest things in the world. It requires an acutely sensitive ear. The teacher must, by the sound of the pupil's voice, know what he or she is doing inside the throat. In fact, real training in singing is in reality muscle training. Mr. Ernest Wood, the Cathedral organist, will teach the organ; Mr. Laver will take the piano; Mr. F. Dierich the violin—Dierich, you know, is a man of great experience, has played in Richter's orchestras. I am hoping that Mr. Hattenbach, who came out here with the Leipzig Company, will consent to take the 'cello; Mr. Kuche—a Dresden man—will teach the horn; Mr. Lyons the clarionette, Mr. Smotte the trombone, Mr. Ceschina the double bass, and Mr. Liittich the oboe. Those are the arrangements that have been made up to the present."

"Does study at the University Conservatory involve going in for the regular University course—matriculation, and so on?"

"Oh, no; by no means. We have two courses—the degree course and the diploma course. Personally, I may tell you, I don't profess to be very fond of the University musical degree. Our standard at the Melbourne University is a high one, our Musical Bachelors' degree, for example, ranking quite as high as that at Oxford or Cambridge. But music is so much a matter of the feelings, of the emotions, of the artistic temperament, that a man's musical degree does not necessarily mean that he is a good musician. A man may read up, do the technical work perfectly, and get his degree, and yet be as little of a musician in reality as if he had taken the M.D. degree. I should value a conservatorium diploma much more, because it would show that the student had really gone through the tuition."

"Possibly Beethoven himself would not have passed the examination for a University musical degree—eh?"

"Possibly he would have been ploughed—though, mind you, a University honours itself, and employs its degrees worthily when it makes a great musician a member of it without examination."

"As Oxford has made Dvorak a Mus. Doc., for instance."

"Quite so."

One could not help wondering whether the distinction of the scarlet robe and the hood of cherry and cream-coloured silk will ever be conferred upon the man in the pyjamas!

The Professor enlarged on the hopes he has of the Conservatorium from the musical life it will promote. It is good to see and talk with a man with a big enthusiasm, and there is no mistaking this incentive quality in Mr. Marshall-Hall. If his hopes are realized, we may hope to see Melbourne become a very important centre of musical culture, and its conservatorium famous throughout the world. And as one thought so, and took one's leave, the bust of Beethoven and the portrait of Wagner seemed to smile down through the tobacco smoke, and shower benediction on the enterprise. But then, smoke does so blurr things!

A new work by Mr. Ralph Richardson, on Morland, is in the press, and will be issued by Mr. Elliot Stock, under the title "*George Morland, Painter, London, 1763-1824*." It will be illustrated by a number of reproductions of Morland's paintings, and by Rowlandson's portrait of Morland; and will give, in an appendix, lists of Morland's paintings and engravings, showing where and to whom they have been sold, and the prices they realized; also a chronological catalogue with the dates of the publication of the engravings.



# The Organ World.

**T**HE new Hope-Jones organ in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, was formally dedicated on April 26, by the Bishop of London. Specification:—

PEDAL.	Ft.	Octave	Ft.
Tibia Profunda ...	16	Flute ...	8
Bourdon ...	16	Tuba Profunda ...	16
Dulciana ...	16		

Solo to Pedals.  
Great to Pedals.  
10 Composition keys (as below) controlling Pedal Stops and couplers.

GREAT.	Ft.	Principal	Ft.
Tibia Plena ...	8	Harmonic Flute ...	4
Diapason Phonon ...	8	Piccolo ...	2
Open Diapason ...	8	Tuba ...	8
Stopped Diapason ...	8		

Solo to Great (Sub.)  
Solo to Great (Unison), double touch.  
Solo to Great (Super.)  
Swell to Great (Sub.)  
Swell to Great (Unison), double touch.  
Swell to Great (Super.)  
Choir to Great (Sub.)  
Choir to Great (Unison).

3 Compound composition keys for Great Stops and Pedal Stops and couplers.

2 Compound composition keys for Great Couplers.

SWELL.	Ft.	Harmonic Piccolo	Ft.
Tibia Clausa ...	8	Contra Fagotto ...	16
Horn Diapason ...	8	Horn ...	8
String Gamba ...	8	Cor Anglais ...	8
Voix Céleste (ten C. grooved) ...	8	Oboe ...	8
Principal ...	4	Harmonic Clarion ...	4

Sub. Octave.  
Super Octave.  
Solo to Swell (second touch).  
Choir to Swell (second touch).  
Tremulant.  
Swell Pedal.

4 Compound composition keys for Swell Stops and Pedal Stops and couplers.

2 Composition keys for Swell couplers.

\* Small scale pipes from the old organ have been used in forming these stops.

CHOIR.	Ft.	Dolce	Ft.
Open Diapason ...	8	Flauto Traverso ...	4
Viol d'Orchestre ...	8	Clarinet ...	8
Liedlich Gedacht ...	8	Kinura ...	8
Kalliope ...	8		

Super Octave.  
Swell to Choir (Sub.)  
Swell to Choir (Unison), double touch.  
Swell to Choir (Super.)

3 Compound composition keys for Choir Stops and Pedal Stops and couplers.

2 Compound composition keys for Choir Couplers.

SOLO.—COMPASS CC to C (61 Notes) (in a Swell Box).

Harmonic Flute ...	Ft.
Tuba Sonora ...	8
Orchestral Oboe ...	8
Sub. Octave.	
Super Octave.	
Swell Pedal.	

2 Combination keys for Solo Stops.

2 Composition keys for Solo Couplers.

## GENERAL ACCESSORIES.

Stop Switch (key and pedal).

Storero Pedal, bringing reeds and couplers on.

1 Composition pedal.

1 " " f.

1 " " ff.

1 " " bringing all couplers on.

1 " " taking all couplers off.

1 Combination Pedal, bringing on all Diapasons and the necessary Couplers.

1 Combination Key, bringing on all Diapasons and the necessary Couplers.

Compass of Manuals, CC to C, 61 notes.

Compass of Pedals, CCC to F, 30 notes.

Electric motors for blowing are placed in the tower above the Swell organ. These motors are controlled by switches fixed on the movable console or key desk, which latter is placed in the chancel, nearly 100 feet from the organ itself.

The case of the old organ, which is of black oak,

with gilded front pipes, has been retained and enlarged in accord with designs prepared by Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A.

The console is fitted with an arrangement of Compound Composition Keys, by means of which the organist can obtain any combination of stops and couplers, together with a suitable pedal accompaniment, without raising his fingers from the keys.

Three of the manuals are fitted with a "double touch," which enables the organist to obtain Expression from the fingers somewhat as in the piano-forte.

The stops are actuated by a row of small ivory levers, called "stop keys," placed above the upper manual: these are pivoted in the centre, and require but a light touch of the finger to throw them on or off.

In the centre of the row of stop-keys is placed a small ebony key called "stop-switch," which enables the organist to prepare his combinations beforehand, or while playing.

LONDON, W.—The organ at St. James's, Norlands, by Mr. J. J. Binns, of Bramley, Leeds, was recently opened, recitals being given on the new instrument by Mr. E. H. Birch, Mus. Bac., and Mr. Hoyte:—

GREAT.

Double Open Diapason 16

Open Diapason, No. 1 8

Open Diapason, No. 2 8

Clarabella ... 8

Principal ... 4

CHOIR.

Dulciana ... 8

Gamba ... 8

Harmonic Flute ... 8

Stopped Diapason ... 8

SWELL.

Bourdon ... 16

Open Diapason ... 8

Salicorno ... 8

Voix Céleste ... 8

Rohr Flöte ... 8

Principal ... 4

PEDAL.

Open Diapason ... 16

Sub-bass ... 16

Quinte ... 10 1/2

Octave Diapason ... 8

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Principal ... 4

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Dulciana ... 8

Gamba ... 8

Harmonic Flute ... 8

Stopped Diapason ... 8

SWELL.

Bourdon ... 16

Open Diapason ... 8

Salicorno ... 8

Voix Céleste ... 8

Rohr Flöte ... 8

Principal ... 4

PEDAL.

Open Diapason ... 16

Sub-bass ... 16

Quinte ... 10 1/2

Octave Diapason ... 8

SWELL.

Bourdon ... 16

Open Diapason ... 8

Salicorno ... 8

Voix Céleste ... 8

Rohr Flöte ... 8

Principal ... 4

PEDAL.

Open Diapason ... 16

Sub-bass ... 16

Quinte ... 10 1/2

Octave Diapason ... 8

COUPLERS.

Swell to Great.

Swell to Choir.

Choir to Great.

Great to Pedal.

Swell to Pedal.

Choir to Pedal.

Swell to Great Octave.

Swell Octave.

Swell Tremulant.

COMBINATION PEDALS.

3 to Great.

3 to Swell.

Balanced Swell and Choir Pedals.

Compass of Manuals, CC to G, 56 notes.

Compass of Pedals, CCC to F, 30 notes.

A once prominent figure in organ circles has passed away in the person of Mrs. F. A. Bridge, better known by her maiden name of Stirling. At a time when church and organ music was in a deplorable state, she refused to be dragged into the mire of dulness and triviality. She was one of the first London organists to bring Bach's pedal fugues under the notice of a Philistine public. She was a prolific writer of every kind of music, which, if it did not evince genius, at any rate showed the careful hand of a reverent student of art. Out of her multitudinous compositions few are now remembered, save "All among the Barley," that lightsome glee so dear to the rural curate and "penny-reading" audience. Miss Stirling caused a considerable flutter in the world of Oxford dons in 1856, by sending in an exercise for Mus. Bac. This was passed by the examiners, and in due course the name of "E. Stirling" was announced amongst the list of successful candidates for the degree. Alas! further formalities necessitated writing her name in full, and after this discovery of her sex, it is needless to say that the coveted Mus. Bac. was not forthcoming.

Though seventy-six at the time of her death, she retained her powers almost to the last, giving an organ recital to her friends only a few months before the end came.

## Sons of the Clergy Festival.

This now hoary Corporation held its two hundred and forty-first annual festival at St. Paul's Cathedral, on May 15th, in the presence of a bevy of royal and civic functionaries. Dr. Martin conducted the orchestra and augmented choir, with Mr. Miller at the organ. Though somewhat less ambitious in character than in previous years, the music was well done, and went with steadiness and effect. The service commenced with Sullivan's "In Memoriam" overture, one of the few earnest things he ever did. The anthem was a moderately interesting one, composed for the occasion by Mr. G. J. Bennett, who left us in no doubt as to his eminent qualifications for Mus. Doc. Cantab, after the profoundly sterile fugue with which he wound up. Handel's "Hallelujah" concluded the function.

I have previously commented on the St. George's increase of choral festivals in the Catholic Church, and another instance of this occurred on St. George's Day, when a number of South London choirs, to the extent of four hundred voices, jointly sang the music to the Vespers of the Feast. The ornate music of the days of Meyer Lutz has been entirely replaced by the "Cecilian" type, and in place of West-gallery performers, a large surplined choir sings the music from the chancel, to the accompaniment of a very inadequate organ. A reaction from florid and pretentious music is not remarkable, but few musicians can think the change in this case has been for the better. Numbers seem to be more aimed at than tone; while the voice production of the boys displays all the inherent vices of Board-School vocalism. Music produced under these conditions may be coarse or dull, but it is frequently dignified, and this festival was a case in point. The bold Gregorian phrases—shorn of florid accretions, after the use of Ratisbon—told out with fine effect; especially noticeable being the hymn, "Deus Tuorum Militum." In spite of the difficulties attending the singing of four hundred people in procession, a very good rendering of suitably broad diatonic hymns was given on this occasion; and had the voices been supplemented by a few brass instruments, the effect would have been firmer and steadier. As it was, however, it was far from unimpressive.

The Leeds Corporation are going to appoint a deputy organist to Dr. Spark, and there appears to be a great amount of keenness on the subject among youthful aspirants. At St. Gervais, Paris, Byrde's 5-part Mass was performed during Holy Week, together with one by Palestrina and another by Goudimel. Mr. Thorne gave another series of Bach recitals last month; they were admirable as ever. His work at St. Anne's, Soho, appears to be deservedly recognised, and he was recently presented, by the clergy and choir, with a substantial proof of their appreciation of him, in the shape of a large floor lamp and illuminated address. M. Widor writes a preface to M. Piero's recent book, *The Organ of J. S. Bach*. An "angelic choir" has been formed at All Saints', Shieldfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne. This is the second bevy of surplined damsels collected from that neighbourhood. The Northern section of the R.C.O. held their third annual dinner on April 27, at Manchester. Dr. Bridge was to have attended and supplied the post-prandial jokes, but in his absence Mr. Hope-Jones presided.

Miss Peel—daughter of the late Westminster Waggery. Speaker—was recently married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and "The witty Gresham Professor" (as the bank-clerk editor loves to call him) let off another of his little jokes. He composed a little anthem for the ceremony, where, at the words, "We wish you good luck," an imitation of the chiming of Westminster bells was introduced. He is understood to have justified this little pleasantry by asking, "What more appropriate for a Peel wedding than a wedding peal?" Comic papers please copy.

JUNIAL (JUNIOR).

## GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

Patron: The Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

President: E. J. HOPKINS, Esq., Mus. D., Cantuar.

Warden: J. T. FIELD.

THE NEXT EXAMINATION for Certificate of practical Musicianship, and Fellowship of the Guild (F. Gld. O.) will be held January 17th, 1895. Registers of Vacancies and Candidates for Organ Appointments kept. Hon. Sec.: FRED. B. TOWNEND, Organ and Choirman, Brentwood, and 46, Queen Victoria Street, London.

## The Academies.

### THE LONDON ACADEMY.

**A**T the moment of going to press (May 23) the students of this Academy are engaged in giving their summer concert at St. James's Hall, under the able direction of Mr. A. Pollitzer. The principal soloists are:—Vocalist, Miss E. Serpell, Miss Mabel Calkin, Messrs. C. Loder and Denis; pianists, Miss Kate Bruckshaw and Harold Samuel; and violinists, Miss Stella Fraser and Miss Alice Liebmann, and the following pieces are included in the programme:—"With Verdure Clad" (*Creation*); Rubenstein's Concerto in D Minor for Piano and Orchestra (*first movement*); Andante and Finale from Saint-Saëns' Concerto in B Minor for Violin and Orchestra, and "Non più andrai" from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*.

The summer examinations for students will commence on June 24.

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The competition for the Erard Centenary Harp Scholarship took place on May 3, at Salle Erard. The examiners were Messrs. F. Corder and John Thomas, and Sir A. C. Mackenzie (chairman). The scholarship was given to Annie Mary Hughes, and the examiners commended Ada E. Toms and Amalie A. E. Brousson.

### TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

Public distributions of the prizes gained at local examinations took place at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on April 17, and at Oldham on April 26. At the first the Mayor presided, and at the second the Rev. Mr. Perry-Gore, and Mrs. Perry-Gore distributed the prizes and certificates.

Two Queen Victoria Lectures will be given on Friday evenings, May 31 and June 7, commencing at 8 o'clock, by Dr. J. F. Bridge, Vice-President of the College. The subject of the lectures will be "The Teaching of Music in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria—a comparison."

### COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, presided at the annual dinner of this College, of which he is President, held at the Holborn Restaurant. The Chairman, proposing the toast of "The Queen," spoke of the interest which Her Majesty and other members of the Royal Family had taken in art and music, and of the support which they had been most glad to give to those engaged in the furtherance of both; but he did not quote from the programmes of the State concerts to show her Majesty's taste. In proposing the toast of the evening, the Chairman spoke of the important work which had been done by the College in improving the status of organists, and here again he had nothing to offer by way of proof. The duties of the academics were (he said), first to teach the mathematics of music, and then let the students know what the great masters had written. If they failed in this, they were not doing what was expected of them, but he was sure that if this institution continued its work on the lines hitherto adopted, it could never be accused of any failure to achieve what it was established to further. Sir A. C. Mackenzie probably knows what the R.C.O. was really established to further. The lectures delivered at the College were considered one of the greatest benefits offered to those connected with it, because they dealt with the professional work demanded of the organist. Numerous toasts were proposed and responded to during the evening.

### GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

The performance of Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* on May 3, at Drury Lane, by the students of this school, showed a satisfactory advance on their previous representations of *Faust* and *Carmen*. The interpretation by students of so exacting an opera obviously calls for no criticism, but only mention of Miss Annie Stonex, who represented the nurse; Miss Minnie Hyem, as the page Stephano; Mr. Griffiths-Percy, as the Friar; and Messrs. C. Hinchliff, S. Hyatt, F. J. Ascough,

who sustained the characters of Capulet, Mercutio, and Tybalt, respectively. Pleasant features of the performance were the fresh tone of the voices in the choruses, and the evident enjoyment with which the exponents fulfilled their duties. Presumably Sir Joseph Barnby, who conducted, had good reasons in several of the numbers for his variations from the accepted tempo. Although many may question the wisdom of so severely taxing the powers of young professionals, great credit is due to the skill and abilities of Mr. Neill O'Donovan, upon whom the responsibilities of adequate preparation chiefly rested.

The annual Professors' Dinner of this school took place at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, on May 4. Sir Joseph Barnby, the chairman, in proposing the toast, "Success to the G.S.M." anticipated that the number of students, now about 3,500, would soon reach 5,000, and that a larger building would be required. He complimented the professors on their work, and paid a graceful compliment to the new secretary, Mr. Hilton Carter. Mr. Ellis responded. Mr. Banister proposed "Kindred Musical Institutions," to which Dr. Prout responded. Some excellent music was provided by students, and a most enjoyable evening spent.

The competition for prizes will take place in June and July. Prizes will be given by Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Moore, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Dimsdale; The Chairman's Prize, given by A. A. Wood, Esq., Chairman of the Music Committee; The Jenkinson Prize, in memory of the late Lady Jenkinson, by W. E. Hill & Sons, and several others too numerous to mention. Dr. Bridge has also given in the City of London School a lecture on Purcell's "Te Deum," illustrated by a large orchestra and choir consisting of students of this school.

### THE LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

It is not a matter for surprise that this College should need enlarged premises. With this object in view the Council have secured a large building in the same street as the house already occupied; here they will have every facility for receiving a larger number of students. The class-rooms will be fitted with regard to the comfort and convenience of students; the offices, waiting-rooms, and spacious library have been carefully planned and arranged by an eminent architect, and when the extensive alterations are completed, the London College of Music will possess a noble building. One other feature of this building—and an important one too—will be the Lecture Hall, erected at a cost of some £4,000. In this Hall, Students' Concerts will frequently be given; lectures by the professors of the College and others will form a part of the educational course to students. The new premises are closely adjacent to those at present occupied for the College purposes, the removal being merely from the northern to the southern side of the street. It is hoped the building will be ready for occupation at the end of June, and that the London Examinations in July will take place in the newly-acquired building.

### UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

Candidates for Degrees in Music must matriculate, but are not required to go on with the Arts Course. To matriculate, the candidate must pass an examination in Latin and English Composition; Arithmetic, Ordinary Rules; Algebra to Simple Equations; Euclid, Books I., II., and III.; English History, Modern Geography, and any two Greek, and any two Latin authors of their own selection. For Greek, candidates for Degrees in Music may substitute French, German, or Italian. They will be required to translate easy passages from these languages at sight, and to translate a passage of English into them.

Candidates for Degrees in Music will also be examined at their Matriculation in Acoustics, no knowledge of Mathematics beyond that of Arithmetic being required.

The following book on the subject is recommended:—

Sedley Taylor "On Sound and Music."

### Bachelor in Music.

The Examination will be divided into two parts:—

1. Preliminary Examination to include:

(a) Harmony up to four parts from a figured bass.

(b) The addition of three parts to a given melody, placed in any voice.

(c) Counterpoint up to four parts (combined counterpoint not required).

(d) A general knowledge of Beethoven's pianoforte Sonatas.

(e) The History of English Church Music from Tallis to Purcell, both included.

### 2. Further Examination:—

Candidates proceeding to the second examination for Mus. B. must send to the Registrar of the School of Music, not later than two months before the date of the examination, an exercise, vocal or instrumental, in not less than four movements, containing specimens of two-part canonic and four-part fugal writing. If vocal, a portion to be four-part chorus, and a portion for one or two solo voices, and the accompaniment for string quartet. If the exercise be instrumental, it must be in strictly classical form.

If the exercise be approved by the examiners, the candidate shall proceed to a further examination, consisting of:—

(a) Harmony up to five parts on a figured bass.

(b) The addition of four parts to a given melody, placed in any voice.

(c) Counterpoint up to five parts, including combined counterpoint.

(d) Double counterpoint.

(e) Canon in two parts.

(f) Fugal construction.

(g) A knowledge of Bach's "Wohltemperiertes Clavier."

(h) The History of the Oratorio, as treated by Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn.

N.B.—Exercises need not be publicly performed unless the candidate desire it, and then at his own expense.

### Doctor in Music.

A Doctor in Music must be a Mus. Bac. of the University of Dublin, or of Oxford, or Cambridge, according to the regulations for *ad eundem* degrees of Calendar, p. 10. He must send to the Registrar, not less than two months before the date of examination, a work for voices and orchestra, comprising:—

(a) An overture.

(b) At least one choral movement in eight real parts.

(c) At least one solo with orchestra.

(d) Specimens of canonic and fugal writing.

If the exercise be approved by the examiners, the candidate will proceed to a final examination in:—

(a) Harmony and Counterpoint up to eight parts.

(b) Double and triple counterpoint.

(c) Canon up to four parts.

(d) The writing of a fugue in not more than four parts.

(e) The instrumentation of a given passage.

(f) A general acquaintance with the lives and works of the great Masters.

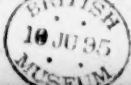
N.B.—All the several Musical Examinations will be held concurrently, twice a year, in June and December, on days announced in the Calendar, and will be conducted partly on paper and partly *ad voce*.

	FEES.	£
Fee for Matriculation	...	15
Bachelor of Music	...	10
Doctor of Music	...	20

THE personality of the late Mr. Alfred German Reed is sworn at £5,745.

M. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN, who has not played in London for several seasons, will give a series of three pianoforte recitals towards the end of the summer season.

THE old chime of bells of the Royal Exchange which had fallen into disuse through want of repair, has recently been restored, and in addition to the old favourite airs have been added a number of others representing popular English, Scotch, and Irish tunes. It is arranged to give each nationality a week to themselves, and hymn tunes on Sunday. The chimes will be heard four times a day—nine o'clock in the morning, at noon, six o'clock and nine at night.





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# LADYBIRD.

R. Schumann, Op. 79. No. 13.

*Allegretto.*

Voice.

PIANO.

Come, La - dy-bird, and seat your-self Up - on my hand, up - on my hand; Be

sure I will not harm you, No, I'll not harm you! I will not harm you pret-ty dear,

Shew your ti - ny wings and nev-er fear, Ti - ny wings so gay and pret-ty.

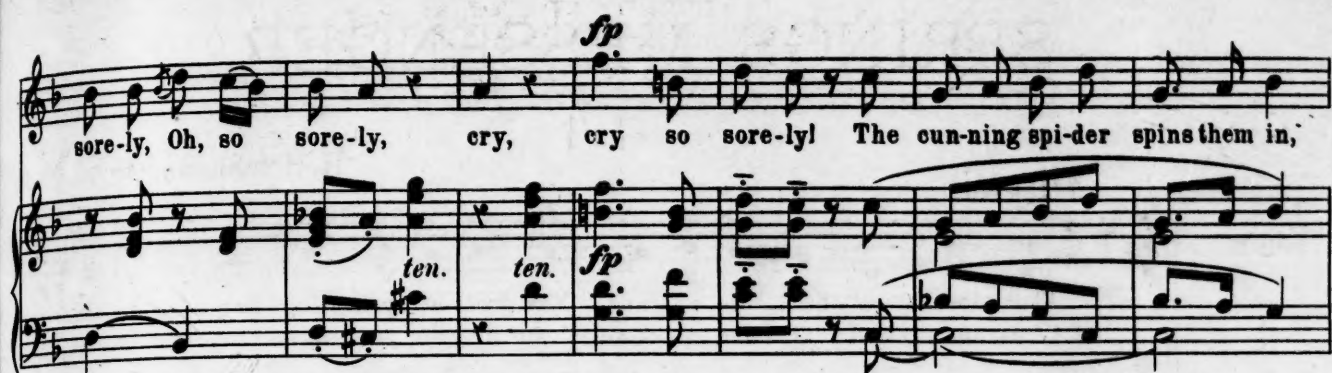
Go, La - dy-bird, fly home, fly home, 'Tis all on fire, Your chil-dren cry, So

*p* *fp* *fp* *ten.* *ten.* *fp* *p* *fp* *p* *fp* *fp*

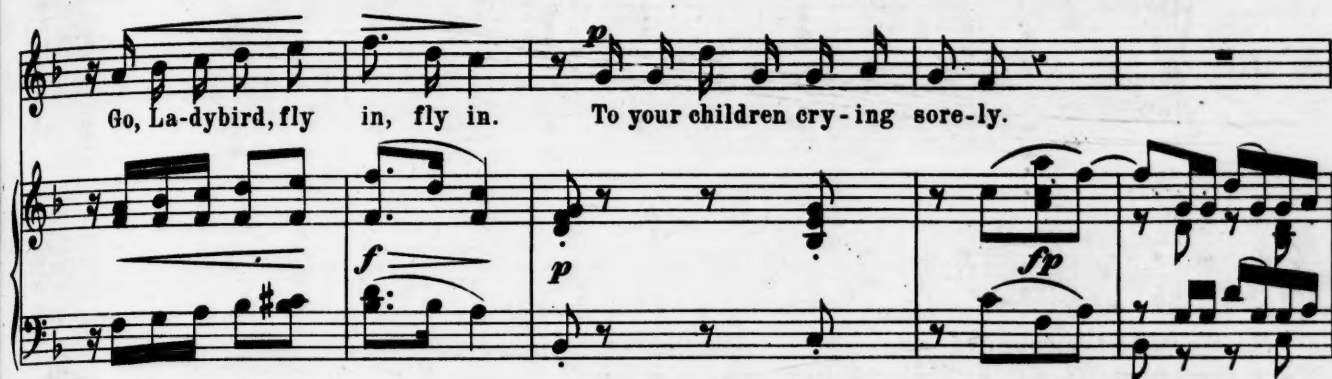




sore-ly, Oh, so sore-ly, cry, cry so sore-ly! The cun-ning spi-der spins them in,



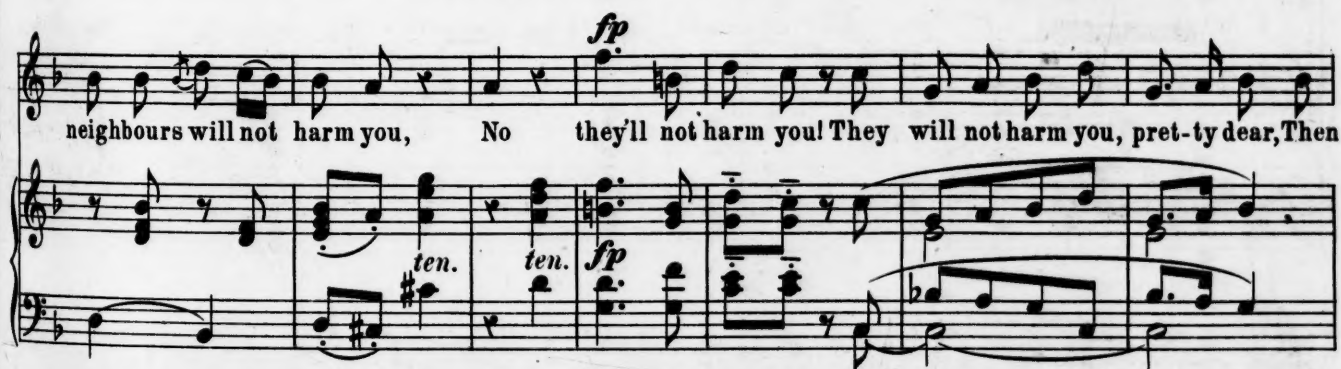
Go, La-dybird, fly in, fly in. To your children cry-ing sore-ly.



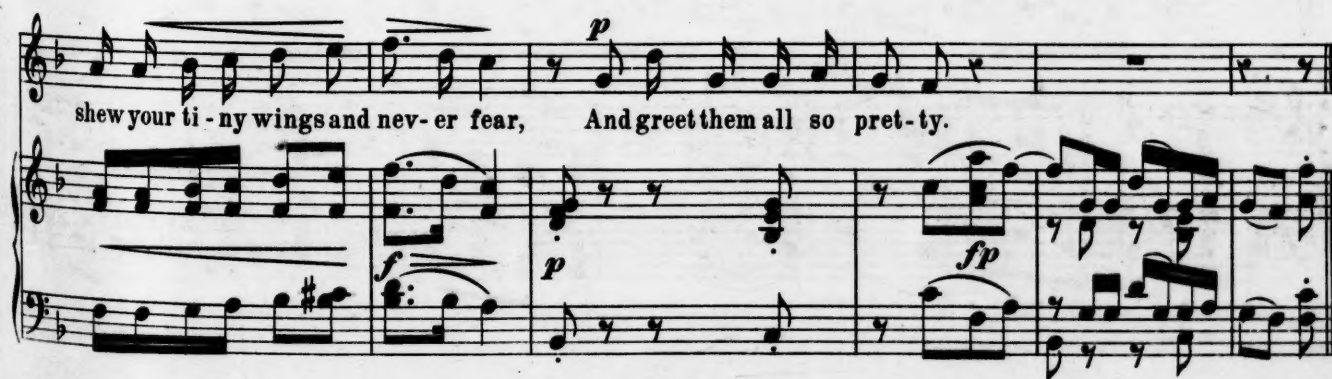
Fly, La - dy-bird, now fly a - way A - cross the hedge, a - cross the hedge The



neighbours will not harm you, No they'll not harm you! They will not harm you, pret-ty dear, Then



shew your ti - ny wings and nev - er fear, And greet them all so pret-ty.

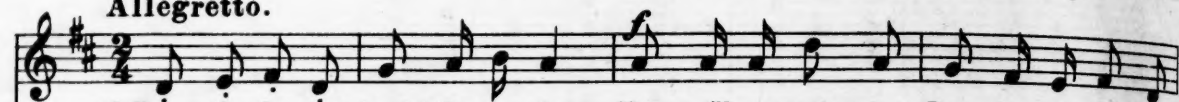


# SPRING'S MESSENGER.

R. Schumann, Op. 79. No. 3

Allegretto.

Voice.



1. From the for-est hark! the cu-ckoo. Now we'll go spring-ing, Danc-ing and sing-ing,  
2. Clear and joy-ful calls the cu-ckoo: Come to the mea-dows Chas-ing the sha-dows,

PIANO.



1. We will go dancing and sing-ing: Springtime, welcome to you! Springtime, welcome to you!  
2. Come to the flow-e-ry mea-dows: Springtime co-meth a - new. Springtime co-meth a-new!

3. What a he-ro you are, cu-ckoo! Heard but your cry-ing, Win-ter is fly-ing,

Win-ter, grim winter is fly-ing, Sad-ly yielding to you. Sad-ly yielding to you.



# WIDOW MACHREE.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Sportively, but not too fast.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble staff with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a final chord.

*ritard.*

1. Wi-dow Machree, it's no won-der you frown, Och hone! Wi-dow Machree; Faith, it  
 3. Wi-dow Machree, and when win-ter comes in, Och hone! Wi-dow Machree; To be

The vocal melody is written in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 6/8 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano part has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

*in tempo*

1. ru - ins your looks, that same dir - ty black gown, Och hone! Wi - dow Ma - chree. How  
 3. pok - ing the fire all a - lone is a sin, Och hone! Wi - dow Ma - chree. Sure the

The vocal melody continues in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment remains in the bass staff. The tempo is marked 'in tempo'. The piano part continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment.

1. al-ter'd your air, With that close cap you wear, 'Tis de-stroying your hair, That should be flowing free; Be no  
3. sho-vel and tongs, To each o-ther belongs, While the kit-tle sings songs Full of fam-i-ly glee; Yet a

1. long-er a churl Of its black silk-en curl, Och hone! Wi-dow Ma-chree.  
3. lone with your cup, Like a her-mit you sup. Och hone! Wi-dow Ma-chree.

*colla voce*

2. And  
4. Then  
5. Then

2. Wi-dow Ma-chree, now the sum-mer is come, Och hone! Wi-dow Ma-chree When  
4. how do yow know, with the comforts I've towld. Och hone! Wi-dow Ma-chree, But you're  
5. take my ad-vice, dar-ling Wi-dow Ma-chree, Och hone! Wi-dow Ma-chree; And



2. ev'-ry-thing smiles, should a beau-ty look glum? Och hone! Wi-dow Machree See; the  
 4. keep-ing some poor fel-low out in the cowl'd, Och hone! Wi-dow Machree; With such  
 5. with my ad-vice, faith, I wish you'd take me, Och hone! Wi-dow Machree. You'd have

2. birds go in pairs, And the rab-bits and hares, Why, ev-en the bears now in couples a-gree; And the  
 4. sins on your head, Sure your peace would be fled, Could you sleep in your bed With-out thinking to see; Some  
 5. me to de-sire Then to stir up the fire, And sure Hope is no li-ar In whispring to me That the

*rall.* 2. mute lit-tle fish; Tho' they can't spake, they wish. Och hone! Wi-dow Ma-chree.  
*in tempo* 4. ghost or some sprite, That would wake you each night, (Crying) Och hone! Wi-dow Ma-chree."  
 5. ghosts would de-part, When you'd me near your heart, Och hone! Wi-dow Ma-chree.

*colla voce*

After the 4th verse from  $\frac{3}{8}$  for the 5th verse.

# "I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS."

(THE DREAM.)

M.W. BALFE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*p dolce assai*

I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble  
I dreamt that rich sui - tors sought my

halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my side, And of all who as -  
hand, That knights up - on bend - ed knee, And with vows no

sem - bled with in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride  
maid - en heart could with stand, They pledg'd their faith to me



I had rich-es too great to cound could boast Of a high an -  
 And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host Came forth my

ces - tral name; But I al - so dreamt, which pleas'd me  
 hand to claim; But I al - so dreamt, which charmd me

most, That you lov'd me still the same That you lov'd me, you lov'd me  
 most, That you lov'd me still the same That you lov'd me, you lov'd me

still — the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still — the same.

# RECITATIVO.-“O, WORSE THAN DEATH.”

G. F. HANDEL.

VOICE. *O, worse than death in - deed! Lead me, ye guards, lead me, or to the*

PIANO. *rack, or to the flames, I'll thank your gra - cious mer - cy.*

# AIR.-“ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR.”

*Larghetto. (♩ = 60.)*

G. F. HANDEL.

VOICE. *An - gels ev - er bright and fair,*

PIANO. *Angels ev - er bright and fair, Take, O take me, Take, O take me to your care;*



take me, take, O take me; An - gels ev - er bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care;

Take, O take me to your care: Speed to your own courts my

*mf* *p*

flight, Clad in robes of vir - gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white, Clad in robes of vir - gin white. Take me,

*p*

Angels ev - er bright and fair, Take, O take me, Take, O take me to your care;

*mf* *p*

take me, take, O take me, An - gels ev - er bright and fair, Take, O take me to your care;

Adagio. Tempo I.

Take, O Take me to your care.

*colla voce* *fa tempo* *p*

# WHO WILL COME WITH ME?

## GAVOTTE.

Moderato grazioso.

CH. W. v. GLUCK.

1<sup>st</sup> VOICE.

Who will comewith me In - to the mea-dows fair? To pluck the cow-slip bells—and breathe the balm-y

2<sup>nd</sup> VOICE.

Who will come with me In - to the mea-dows fair? To pluck the cow-slip bells—and breathe the balm-y

PIANO.

air,— Who will come with me Down in the woodlands green? Where primroses are rife,— Where bluebells may be seen.

air,— Who will come with me Down in the woodlands green? Where prim-ro-ses and bluebells may be seen.

Spring is smil-ing, o'er the land, Come let us wan-der hand in hand, Who will come with

Come let us wan-der hand in hand, hand in hand, Who will come with

me Up thro' the gras - y glade? 'Neath groves of haw-thorn bloom— To saun-ter in the shade.

me Up thro' the grass - y glade? 'Neath groves of haw-thorn bloom— To saun-ter in the shade.

*Fine.*



*p*

The spring is smil-ing, The spring is smil-ing o'er the land, Come, Come, Come let us

Who will come in - to the mea-dows? The spring is smil-ing o'er the land Who will

*p*

wan - der, Come let us wan - der, wan - der hand in hand. hand. hand.

come in - to the mea - dows fair, and breathe the balm-y air. air.

1. 2.

*mf* Who will come with me? *f* Spring is smil-ing o'er the

*mf* Come let us wan-der hand in hand, *f* let us wan - der hand in hand, Who will

*mf*

land, Come, Come, Let us wan - der hand in hand. hand. hand.

come? who will come? Let us wan - der hand in hand. hand.

1. 2. *D.C.*

1. 2. *D.C.*

# FROM HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

## Nº 4. SUNNY MORNING.

FRANZ LEIDERITZ, Op.15.

Andante. ♩ = 104.

*pp una corda*

*riten.*

*pp*

Vivo. ♩ = 144.

*p tutto corde*

*sf*

*p*

*riten.*

*in tempo*

*sf*

*p*

*sf*

*riten.*

*in tempo*

*p*

*sf*

*p*

*sf*

*sf*

*sf*

*riten.*

*affabile*

*mf*

*mf*



15.

*riten.* *in tempo*

2 4 2 2 + 1 4 + 1 + 4 1 2 3 2 4 1 \*

1 + 2 + 1 + 2 1 + 2 4 2 1 + 1 + 4 1 3 2 3 4 1 3 1 2 3 2 4

*in tempo*

1 3 2 3 2 2 3 2 1 2 4 3 2 1 +

*p* *dimin.* *riten.*

1 3 2 4 3 2 1 3 2 1 1 1 3 1 3 2 1 1 3

*in tempo* *tranquillo* *riten.*

3 1 + 3 + 1 4 1 4 2 2 4

*lento* *brillante* *p*

1 4 3 1 + 3 1 + 3 1 + 3 1 +

# VALSE

in G Major.

M. CLEMENTI.

Presto. M.M. (♩ = 54) (♩ = 72)

The musical score is written for piano and violin. It consists of six systems of staves. The piano part is in the lower register, and the violin part is in the upper register. The key signature is G Major (one sharp). The time signature is 3/8. The tempo is Presto, with a metronome marking of 54 quarter notes per minute (♩ = 54) and a note indicating a change to 72 quarter notes per minute (♩ = 72). The score includes various dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), and *ten.* (tension). There are also many fingerings and slurs indicated throughout the piece.



First system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 1, 3, 4, 3, 1, 3). The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece with dynamic markings like *ten.* and *p.* and fingerings (e.g., 1, 3, 2, 1, 4, 3, 2, 1).

Third system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 1, 3, 2, 1, 4, 3, 2, 1). The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 4, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 4, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 4, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). The key signature is one sharp (F#).

Seventh system of musical notation, featuring treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 4, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3). The key signature is one sharp (F#).

# RONDO

Nº 1.

SECONDO.

FR. KUHLAU.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It features a single melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The piece is in B-flat major and consists of 32 measures. The notation includes various dynamics (p, f, cresc., mf), articulation (accents, slurs), and repeat signs with first and second endings. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 2/4.



# RONDO

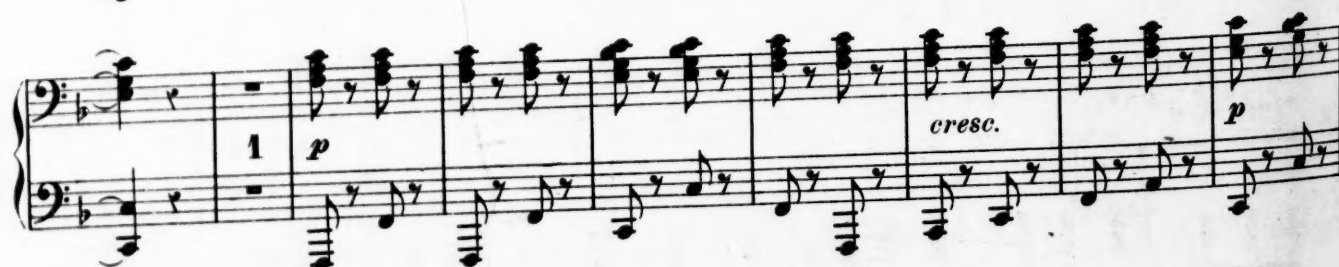
Nº 1.

PRIMO.

FR. KUHLAU.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line (Primo) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The score consists of seven systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes an 8-measure rest in the right hand. The third system features a forte (*f*) dynamic and a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The fourth system contains first and second endings, with a first ending repeat sign. The fifth system includes an 8-measure rest and a first ending. The sixth system features a piano (*p*) dynamic and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The seventh system includes an 8-measure rest and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The score is characterized by frequent sixteenth-note passages and dynamic contrasts.

# SECONDO.





PRIMO.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line (PRIMO) on a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piece features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and longer note values. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano), *f* (forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo). There are also performance markings such as '8' indicating an octave or a specific measure. The notation is dense, with many beamed notes and complex phrasing. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the last system.

# HIGHLAND AIR.

Two systems of musical notation for the Highland Air. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a trill (tr) over a quarter note. The second system continues the melody in the treble staff, also featuring a trill (tr) over a quarter note. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment throughout.

## LARGO from SONATA 7.

J. HAYDN.

Four systems of musical notation for the Largo from Sonata 7 by J. Haydn. The first system is marked 'Sostenuto.' and includes a triplet (3) in the treble staff. The second system continues the piece, also featuring a triplet (3). The third system includes a triplet (3) and a 'ten.' (tension) marking. The fourth system includes dynamic markings: 'pp' (pianissimo), 'ff' (fortissimo), and 'p' (piano). The notation is for a piano, with treble and bass staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4.



# THE MAIDEN AND BIRD.

## ZWIEGESANG.

LOUIS SPOHR.

Andantino.

VIOLIN.

VOICE.

PIANO.

A bird sat in an El - der Tree, On a  
Im Flie - der - busch ein Vög - lein sass in der

calm and beaut-eous Night in May, A Maid - en rest - ed  
stil - len schö - nen Mai - en - nacht, dar - un - ter ein Mäd - lein im

'midst the grass, On a calm and beaut-eous Night in May. The  
 ho - hen Gras in der stil - len schö - nen Mai - en-nacht. Sang

Maid - en sang, how sweet the bird, The bird sang, be the  
 Mägd - lein, hielt das Vög - lein Ruh, sang Vög - lein, hört das

Maid - en heard, And far a - way the mu - sic stray'd, While  
 Mägd - lein zu, und weit - hin klang der Zwie - ge - sang das



moon - beam's o'er the val - ley play'd. The  
 mond - be - glänz - te Thal ent - lang: Was

bird sang in the branch-es green, Through the calm and beau-teous Night in  
 sang das Vög - lein im Ge-zweig durch die stil - le schö - ne Mai - en -

May, And still the Maid - en sang, in-spir'd, Through the  
 nacht? Was sang doch wohl das Mäd - lein gleich durch die

calm and beaut-eous Night in May. The tune - ful bird re -  
 stil - le schö - ne Mai - en - nacht? Von Früh - lings - son - ne das

joic'd in Spring; De - light im pell'd the Maid to sing, And  
 Vö - ge - lein, von Lie - bes - won - ne das Mäg - de - lein; wie

ne'er can I that heart - felt song, Of joy for - get, my  
 der Ge - sang zum Her - zen drang, ver - gess' ich nim - mer mein

whole life long; And ne'er can I that heart - felt song, Of  
 Le - be - lang; wie der Ge - sang zum Her - zen drang, ver -

joy for - get, my whole life long.  
 gess' ich nim - mer mein Le - be - lang.

*dimin.* *pp*



# LIEDER OHNE WORTE.

F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, Op. 62. N° 25.

Andante espressivo.

PIANO.

*p* *cresc.*

*p*

*cresc.*

*dim.* *p* *cre*

*scen* *do* *sempre* *cresc.*

*f*

